DECEMBER 1965 1/-

SHOWTIME

THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

WIN A HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

Two-page colour portrait: THE ROLLING STONES

NORMAN WISDOM

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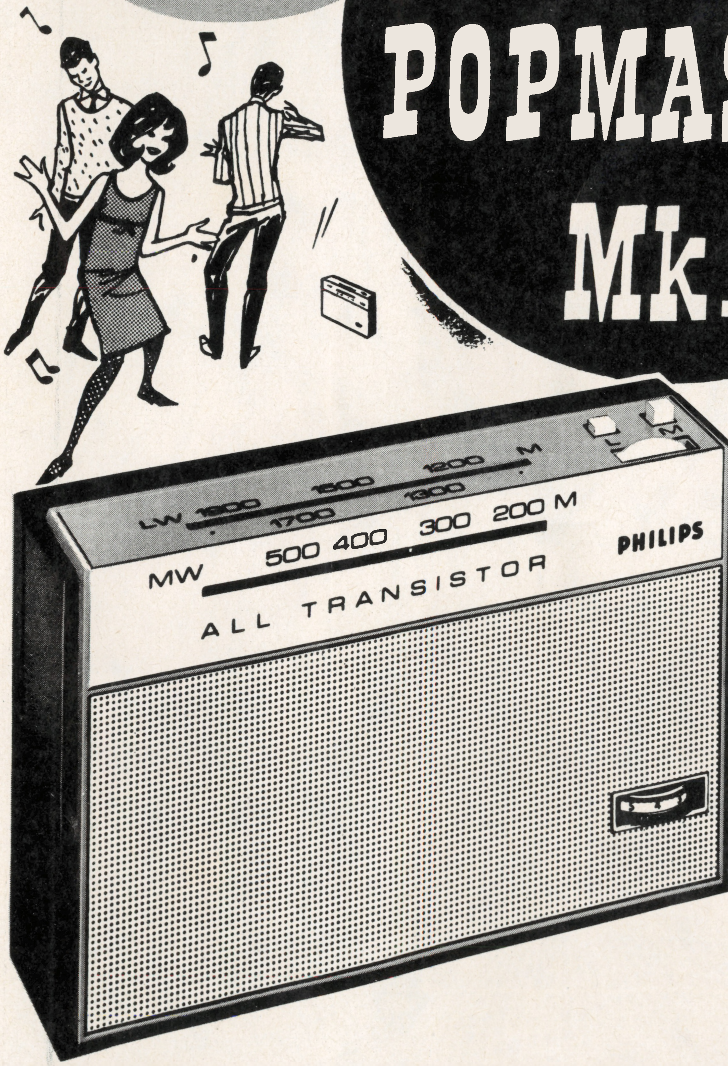

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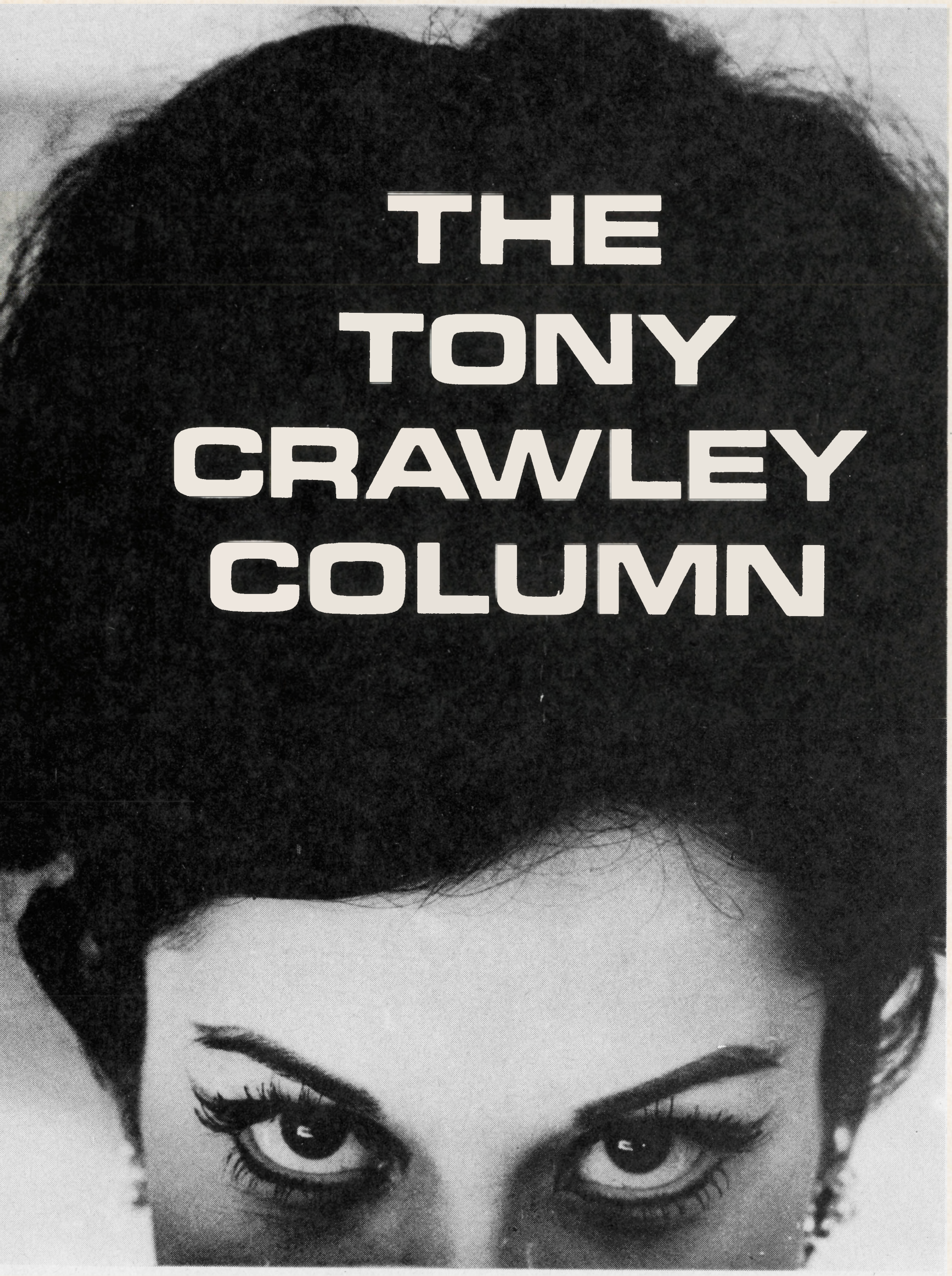

PROBABLY the most consistent stage success in Britain since the war has been **JOHN NEVILLE**, the lean, blond, London-born star. Not so long ago, he and **RICHARD BURTON** were receiving Beatle-style worship from the fans (and, indeed, critics) for their work at the Old Vic. Since then, Neville has gone on to even greater theatrical success, while Burton has, of course, joined the elite Top Ten of the film world.

Neville, however, remains steadfastly loyal to the stage, where he is a legend. Rarely, if ever, does he accept any major film role. In fact, he didn't make his screen debut until 1960 in the **ROBERT MORLEY** version of *Oscar Wilde*. A year later, **PETER USTINOV** persuaded him to appear in *Billy Budd*. But until this year, that was the extent of the Neville film career.

Now comes Neville's third film. And it's a surprising choice. He plays Sherlock Holmes in *A Study In Terror*. Nothing sensational in that, you might think. Neville's ascetic features and bone-structure make him a natural for the part.

However, as the title implies, this could very nearly be classified as a horror-film—particularly as it deals with Holmes and Jack The Ripper!

Hardly the sort of subject I would have expected such a distinguished star as John Neville to choose. And I told him so. He quickly put me right.

"Inevitably, any film dealing with Jack The Ripper must sound like a horror film," he agreed. "But this certainly isn't how **DONALD**

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THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

Volume 2, Number 12
December, 1965

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Norman Wisdom
with
Patsy Snell

HOUSTON—he plays Dr. Watson—and I played it. Not at all. Suspense-thriller, yes. Horror—definitely not!"

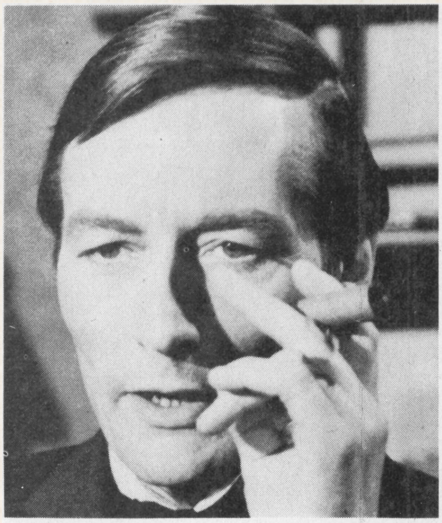
Neville prefers to see the film as another chapter in the life of fiction's most famous detective. "The only difference being that both Donald and I are rather younger than usual for these roles. No, I didn't see any of the other Holmes films before doing this one. As a child I used to see **BASIL RATHBONE** in the part. But my interpretation was not influenced by any of the other performances."

Next, John explained the reason for his infrequent films. A reason simply spelled "Nottingham". For he is the artistic director of the new Playhouse Theatre there—"a very full-time job, I assure you; and I'm acting there as well, you see." So, literally, he cannot spare the time for films.

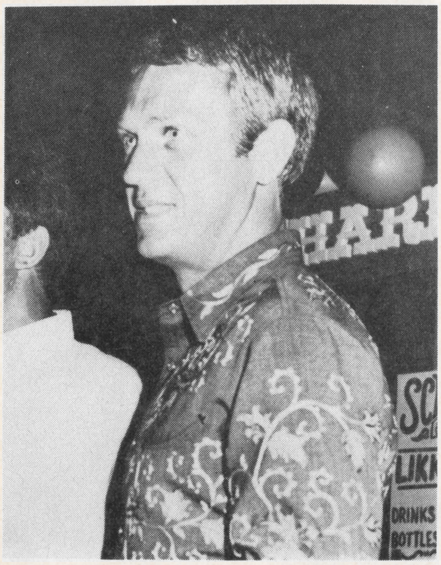
In fact, I got the impression that no role or inducement offered him could ever match the great excitement he finds in organising his go-ahead theatre. "This is what I feel I can contribute most to," he added.

"Not that I do not enjoy filming. I do. Each time it's a fresh and stimulating experience for me. And there is talk already of another Holmes film. Meanwhile, after touring West Africa, I'm busy again, arranging our new season.

"In fact, I was able to make this film only because it came up towards the end of a season, when I was in just one of our plays. Even so, I had to fly from Nottingham to London and back every day, and change and make up on board!"



John Neville makes one of his rare screen appearances—as the "new" Sherlock Holmes. Why so few films for Neville? As he explains in my column, he is too occupied with his Nottingham theatre.



It's party time—Western style—and Hollywood's new King of the West, Steve McQueen, is raring to go!

Stand by for The Leader: FRANK SINATRA intends filming his latest novel purchase, *The Naked Runner*, in London. In clothes . . .

After *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*, I thought producer **STAN MARGULIES** had had enough of races. Not a bit of it. His next project: *Pole To Pole Beneath The Deep*. And the subject? An 1890 submarine race!

Playboy's Playmate of the Year, jolly **JO COLLINS**, wins her biggest film role so far in *What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?* But what did her mother think of those nude magazine poses? "Let's be honest," says Jo. "She was hysterical!"

TONY CURTIS *wanted* **VIRNA LISI** *(who doesn't?) for* You're Dead Right. *Way behind Lancaster, Sinatra and the others in the queue, Tony had to make do with* **ROSANNA SCHIAFFINO** *instead. Still, that can't be bad!*

Continued on page 42

It's party time—at a charity function—and just arriving is Janet Leigh, who organised the show.

Jean Simmons, soon returning to the screen as a blonde, out with her husband, director Richard (*Lord Jim*) Brooks.

Looking happy: Sandra Dee, while attending an American premiere with her husband, Bobby Darin.

NOTHING STOPS THE BIG T MEN!

EXPLOSIVES

BIG T

No job's too tough. No conditions too rough. Men don't come any tougher. And that goes for the boots they're wearing. Tuf Big T. Rugged as only Tuf can make 'em. They've got uppers of Texas Ranch Hide—saddle stitched. Thick, cleated rubber soles, with welded waterproof seams to keep out the weather. And Big T are a real comfort to work in—flexible as your foot and actually a quarter of a pound lighter than ordinary work boots. Step into Big T—they're men's boots—so strong, they're **GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS AGAINST ALL REPAIR BILLS.**

Tuf AMERICAN BOOT

Let me tell you something about the critics

... They Make Me SICK!

OUTSIDE the village-dairy set, on which Norman Wisdom has been working in his latest comedy, *The Early Bird*, the little ex-Army bandsman pushed back his milkman's cap, lit another fag, and quietly exploded.

"I'm sick to death of being ignored and brushed off by the critics as if my work is beneath their contempt," he said firmly. "In the past I've been too shy and self-effacing to stand up and speak up, but now I think it's high time I blew my own trumpet a bit.

"Just look at the record," he went on. "I made my first film for the Rank Organisation in 1952—*Trouble In Store*. Since then, I've made a dozen more. Thirteen films in 13 years! Which isn't bad going, considering that I spent best part of a year on the stage with *Where's Charley?* And not one of those films has been a flop.

"I've made a lot of money during those years. But so have the films and the people who produced them. Now that couldn't happen unless the public liked me and my work.

"Take my last film, *A Stitch In Time*. It broke all London box-office records —even knocking the James Bond *From Russia With Love* figures for six. But still the critics didn't seem to care.

"It's different abroad. So far, I've not hit the American market, but everywhere else—the Continent, South America, the Far East—a Wisdom film means something, and my screen character, Norman Pitkin, is a name. Why do they brush me off here?"

Norman paused and lit another cigarette. "Abroad, they make me feel important. You hear them shout *Meester Peetkin* in all sorts of lingoes; and you feel good and think that, maybe, bringing a little laughter into people's lives isn't such a bad occupation. But here, the critics' attitude almost makes you feel you should apologise for being a slapstick comedian. Well, that's what I am—and a good one. And why not?"

Norman had obviously been bottling this up for some time. But there is certainly something in what he says.

For instance, he went on a holiday cruise, and touched down in Russia. The locals got wind of the incognito trip and were at the ship to welcome "Comrade Pitkinsky". When he attended an Argentinian film festival recently, he was given an award as the most popular star visitor. He did get a lot of space in the British newspapers, but *only* because he happened to get tangled up with a Page One earthquake. Would his visit have rated

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Says Wisdom:

In the past I've been too shy to speak up - now I think it's time I blew my own trumpet

FORE! Crazy comics Norman Wisdom and Jerry Desmond charge across the fairway.

WHY I AM AFRAID OF LOVE

HAYLEY MILLS TALKING...

"I SUPPOSE," said Hayley Mills, "that I must be afraid of love. It IS a fear in a way. The idea of someone, a boy, getting to know me really well is, to me, absolutely horrible. I am much happier being independent, living my own life."

Sitting in a car, deep in the Gloucestershire countryside, with torrential rain pelting down outside, Hayley, now 19, was baring her heart in a way she has never done before.

What she told me made it clear that, while her talents have earned her a fortune from films (in a trust fund till she is 25), she has still a long way to go to catch up emotionally with many girls of her own age.

"*Most girls at 19, who mix in far less sophisticated circles than you, have been in love—or thought so. Haven't you?*" I asked.

Hayley tugged at her blonde locks, still wet from the rain, in one of those sudden gestures that she invariably makes.

"Oh dear," she said. Then a sigh. "Yes, well I've *thought* so, but I haven't really. It was a very adolescent thing . . . not the real thing, not really. No, I won't tell you who it was!"

"*Did this happen before you began to make the really big films?*"

"Well, I started at 12," she laughed. "Oh, I was madly in love with Horst Bucholz [her co-star in *Tiger Bay*] at 12. I cried myself to sleep for a week when he got married!

"But no, to be serious, I have not been in love, or even thought myself in love, recently. I'm far too sensible for that!"

"*You talk as if you think love a terrible thing—something to be avoided,*" I suggested.

"Well, it is. And it's easily avoidable, too. I just feel that falling in love disrupts your life. Too often it does, anyway."

She paused, then went on: "Oh, if someone came along who, in the highest idealistic flights of fancy, fitted all my concepts of a perfect nature, of looks, ability, drive and everything, I would probably let myself fall in love. But it's not likely is it, not that?"

"*No.*"

"And another thing," she went on. "You can *make* yourself fall in love, just like you can stop yourself from doing so. I'm sure of that.

"You can talk yourself, think yourself into it if you are romantically inclined; if you have a romantic streak in you. I think that's the dangerous part and it's much better, to sit back . . . better by far to just sit back."

"*Do you have this romantic streak in you?*"

"Yes, but not about people—more about books and paintings, the country and music and animals and the sea. Things like that are far more romantic to me than people. I write things, too. I have a journal full of things like sad poetry that I keep under lock and key!"

"*You told me 18 months ago you thought 23 was a good age for a girl to marry.*"

"Did I? Oh, I must have been mad!" she cried. "Put it up. I'm getting much too close. Put it up to 25!"

"*Do you think a top career in films, such as your own, is an obstacle to a deep personal relationship with someone?*"

Continued on page 40

SHERLOCK HOLMES' interest in Jack The Ripper was first alerted when two street walkers in London's East End were brutally murdered.

The year was 1880, and London was going through a terrible period of poverty. This was particularly evident in the Whitechapel area; and the sadistic murders made the grim and unfriendly times even more unbearable for the East Enders.

Holmes, at his Baker Street flat, was in a world apart from the slums of London. But when a case of surgical equipment arrives through the post, and he discovers it is complete except for a scalpel, it is too much for him. His curiosity is aroused. And soon the world's most famous detective is on the trail of the world's most infamous villain.

That, anyway, is how the new Michael Klinger-Tony Tenser production, *A Study In Terror*, sets out to tell its story. And the interesting thing is, that's exactly what might have happened had the remarkable character, the hero of so many Arthur Conan Doyle stories, actually lived.

The police went through a critical time while Jack was letting it rip on the East End scene. The public demanded action and, on the 28th September, 1888, the *Illustrated London News* published a sketch which took its readers "on a trip to Whitechapel". The drawing showed a dark figure (representing Jack The Ripper) stalking the streets and, in the background, were Holmes and Watson. It was suggested that alone the two men could get closer to discovering the identity of the Ripper than the entire police force.

Stage star John Neville, as Sherlock Holmes, investigates the Jack The Ripper murders. The victims include (left to right): Christiane Maybach, Edina Ronay and Norma Foster.

A Study In Terror attempts to show us just *how* Holmes would have got to grips with the notorious murderer—and it does it very well.

After receiving the case of surgical instruments, and having his professional appetite whetted by the missing scalpel, Holmes (imaginatively cast with John Neville in the role) manages to unearth a link between the surgical instruments and the Osborne family, headed by the Duke of Shires (Barry Jones).

The Duke's son, Lord Carfax (John Fraser), tells Holmes that the instruments belong to his brother, who disappeared after being disowned by his father.

Holmes is intrigued by the Osborne family, and when he and Dr. Watson (Donald Houston) visit a Whitechapel shop and learn that the case of instruments was pawned by another member of the family, his interest increases.

Unfortunately, clever as he is, Holmes does not solve the mystery overnight. Two more unsuspecting prostitutes, accepting Jack The Ripper as a customer, find that he is a man who wants more than his money's worth. But, with each murder, the detective gets closer to his man.

Michael Klinger and Tony Tenser deserve success

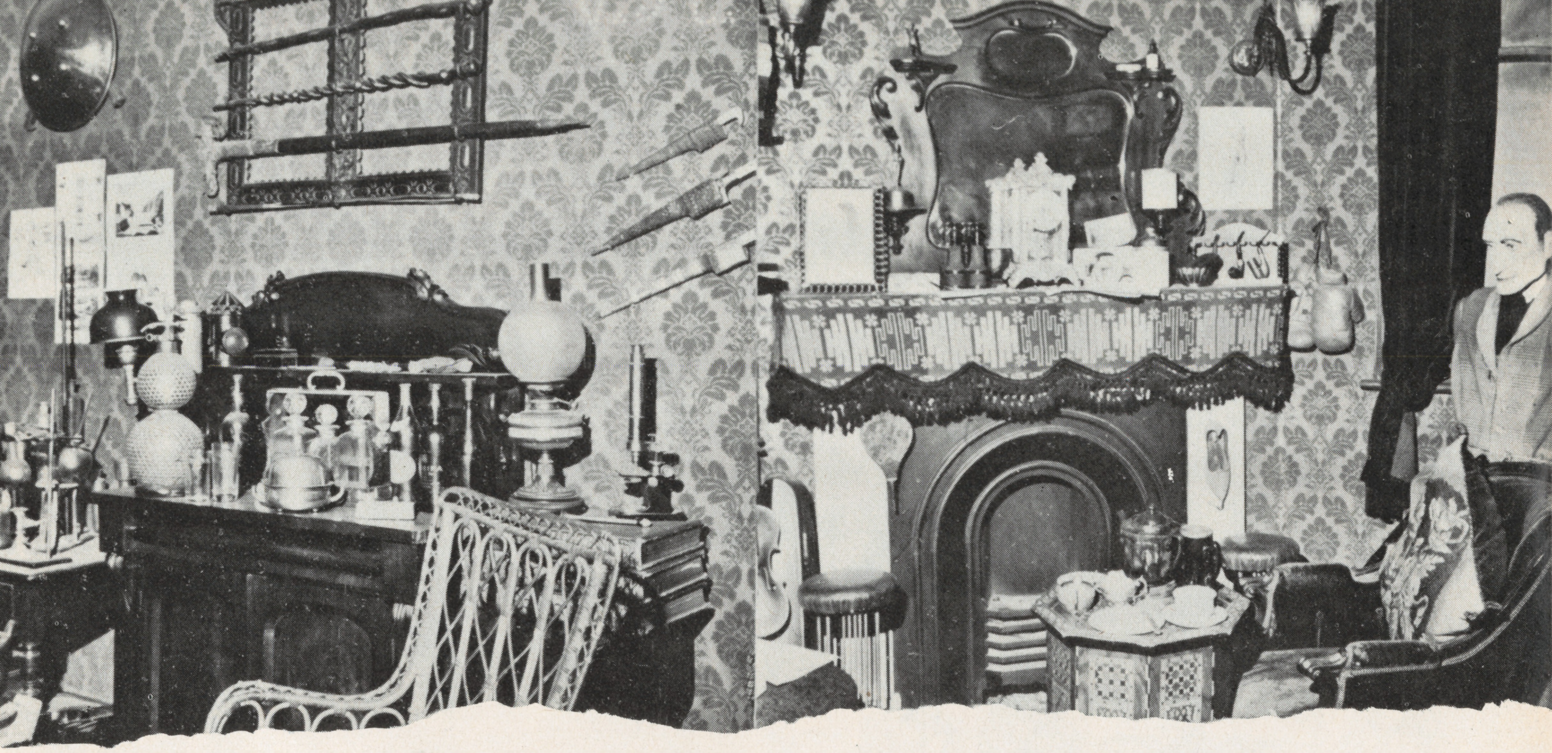
NO WONDER THEY CALLED HIM JACK THE RIPPER

with this colourful production. There have been no less than 120 films featuring Sherlock Holmes: *A Study In Terror* must be one of the best. It is not a horror film, but an exciting—if gory—thriller; and the director, James Hill, has been fortunate to get some of Britain's most distinguished actors in his cast.

Apart from John Neville (who was, for years, the leading star at the Old Vic) and the others mentioned above, Anthony Quayle, Robert Morley and Cecil Parker also play important parts in the film.

Who *is* Jack The Ripper? Holmes discovers plots of blackmail; is opposed by a police inspector who has different views regarding the killer; goes through dangerous chases and a fight to the death—all in his effort to bring justice to bear on a man he describes as "a madman with certain medical skills, considerable intelligence and education". You will have more fun finding out his identity as you go through the adventure with Holmes and with him, put together the pieces of the mystery.

To Holmes, the answers to all the questions may be elementary. But he was a master detective: the scourge of all criminals. And, as this film proves, a man to be admired even today.



SHOWTIME'S SHERLOCK HOLMES

CORONADO
SWISSAIR

WIN A HOLIDAY

YOU don't need the skills of a Sherlock Holmes (see pages 12 and 13) to enter Showtime's new competition. Anyone who enters stands a good chance of winning the fabulous first prize: **A TWO-WEEK HOLIDAY IN THE LAKE OF GENEVA REGION.** The winner and his, or her, companion will fly to Geneva and during the holiday they will be invited to visit the beautiful Conan Doyle estate. Also arranged: Excursions in Switzerland, including a visit to the Reichenbach Falls, where Sherlock Holmes was supposed to have gone crashing to his death. Miraculously he lived.

This fabulous holiday has been arranged in co-operation with the **SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE.** Consolation prizes include 20 LPs and books by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

The idea for the contest was prompted by the new Compton Films production, *A Study In Terror*. The film features fiction's most popular detective, Sherlock Holmes.

HOW TO ENTER

As many Londoners know, there is a famous public house near Charing Cross called "The Sherlock Holmes". In the building, one whole room has been completely furnished with articles from the Conan Doyle estate.

Above you can see pictures taken inside this famous room. What you have to do is study the list of articles on the coupon (right) and decide which articles, for one reason or another, *could not* have been found in a study in the 1880–1890 period, when the Conan Doyle stories first became famous.

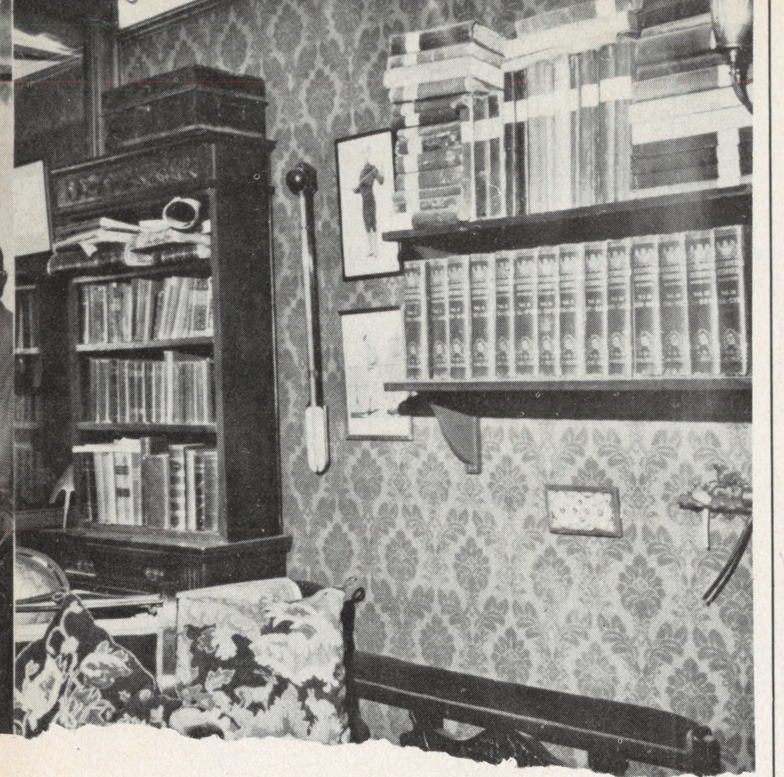
Although you will see some of the articles listed on the coupon in the photographs, they do not necessarily have to appear in them. Indeed, many are not included in the pictures.

When you have decided which articles *could not* have been found in a room of that period, simply put X in the spaces provided.

The prize will be awarded to the first all-correct entry opened after the closing date of the contest which is:

MONDAY, 20th DECEMBER. No correspondence can be entered into regarding the competition. The editor's decision is final.

Employees of Sackville Publishing Limited, Rank Theatres Limited, Compton Films Limited, and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.



CONTEST

IN GENEVA

ENTRY FORM

Oil lamp		Leather armchair	
Pipe-rack		Electric fire	
Microscope		Pair of scissors	
Telephone		Pencil	
Gramophone		Bear-skin rug	
Oil painting of Festival Hall		Model steam train	
Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist"		Copy of "Dr. Zhivago"	
Pendulum clock		Cigarette lighter	
Radio		Bottle of brandy	
Pair of bellows		Bottle of ink	

Name……………………………………………

Address……………………………………………

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Send entries to: Showtime's Sherlock Holmes Contest,
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Furnival House,
14–18, High Holborn,
London, W.C.1

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SHE has been called "the waif that men long to protect and women long to mother". She is so tiny, with sparrow-frail bones and a small, vulnerable face, that she makes the average woman feel clumsy beside her, and the average man a nine-foot Sir Galahad.

But Sir Galahads can put away their swords, for little Leslie can look after herself. Beneath her defenceless façade, she is a tough and determined lady. Her disapproval can be chilling; and her conversation, which is sometimes accompanied by a delicate pout and an expressive French shrug, can be sour as well as sweet.

Those who are misled by her appearance, expecting perhaps, amenable mouse-like charm, sometimes accuse her of having the bloody-mindedness of a spoiled little film star—the sort of thing you might expect from a girl who became a star with her very first film, *An American In Paris*.

Those who know her better realise that it is simple, uncompromising perfectionism—whether in her demands on a dressmaker, or on a friend or colleague—that has made her tough.

But she can be equally hard on herself. When she starred in *A Very Special Favour*, with Rock Hudson, it was obvious her role was a natural for Doris Day. Certainly, Leslie was the first to agree on this point.

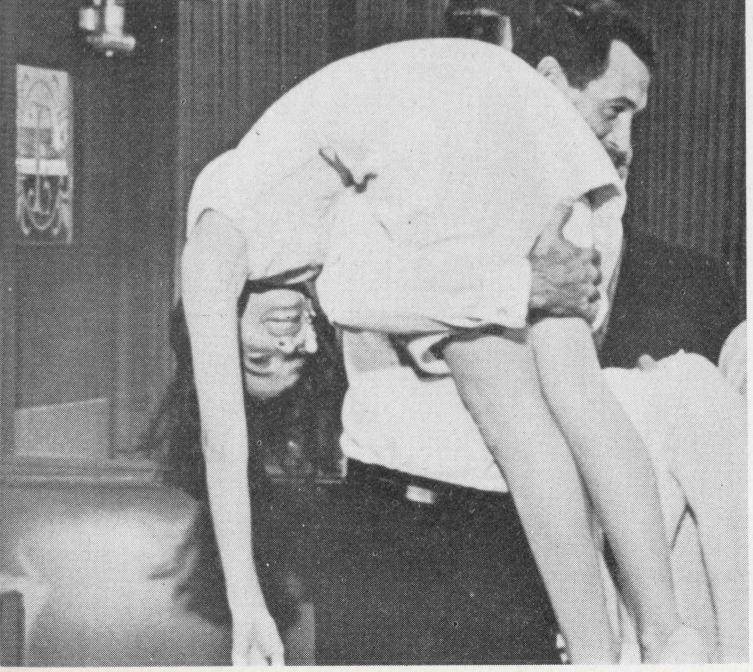
Actually, Leslie is under-estimating herself. In the film she is excellent as the prim and prissy daughter (of Charles Boyer) who gets entangled with a super-wolf, played by Rock.

Although her part in *A Very Special Favour* caused her worry, talk to her about *Promise Her Anything* and she glows inwardly. Not the least cause of all this is, of course, her co-star, Warren Beatty, the young man with the looks of a smoother, more executive-style James Bond. Leslie says: "I am madly in love with him." But marriage? *That's* quite another matter. Here, Miss Caron's toughness snaps into sight, as she says tartly: "Marriage is a horrible hoax. The only valid reason to marry is to give your son a name at school." She speaks now as a woman of the world, who has suffered two broken marriages—the first to an American millionaire, the second to Stratford's Peter Hall.

Today she feels more free, more un-

Continued on page 22

Leslie casts a wary eye as Rock helps her with the usual zipper problem.



Yet another girl falls for Rock. She is Leslie Caron, in *Promise Her Anything*.

An example of Leslie's splendid wardrobe in the film—all created by Yves St. Laurent as *A Very Special Favour*.

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DISC REVIEWS

YOU may have heard all the songs on Frank Sinatra's new LP, **Tell Her You Love Her** (Capitol), but a good Sinatra song is always worth hearing again and this album includes some of his best ever recordings.

Side 1 begins with the title song, and this number sets the theme for the whole record. *Love Is Here To Stay; Can't We Be Friends?;* and *I Got It Bad* are other vintage Sinatra numbers included. Side 2 kicks off with a number that takes a lighter look at romance, *Makin' Whoopee*. However, the mood soon changes for *Weep They Will*, which Sinatra sings with great sensitivity. *Pennies From Heaven; I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan;* and *Night And Day* also have a place.

With Nelson Riddle providing the backings this album is something of a classic.

- Many people first sat up and took notice of Julie London when *Cry Me A River* was taken from her first LP, *Julie Is Her Name*, and was released as a single.

Her voice—rich, smooth and sexy—made the record a special favourite. Since then she has won a large and loyal following.

Julie's new LP, **Our Fair Lady** (Liberty), includes some excellent numbers and Julie sings them all beautifully. *Days Of Wine And Roses* comes first, followed by *Call Me Irresponsible* and *A Summer Place*, which lends itself particularly well to Julie's velvet - smooth voice. Another enjoyable track on this side is *Charade*.

Side 2 includes an equally distinguished selection: *Never On Sunday*, which is in a Latin mood; the romantic *An Affair To Remember;* the Burt Bacharach number, *Wives And Lovers;* the oldie, *Fascination; Boy On A Dolphin* which, as the sleeve note points out, is reminiscent of *Cry Me A River;* and the Crosby song, *The Second Time Around*.

- The new George Shearing LP, **Touch Me Softly** (Capitol), is made up almost entirely of standards; the title song and *Wait For Me* are the only new numbers.

As you may expect, it is the established songs that give the LP a special quality. *Try A Little Tenderness; Suddenly It's Spring; Sunday, Monday Or Always;* and *Be Careful, It's My Heart* are my favourites.

The quartet is in great form, with Shearing providing a subtle touch of jazz on piano.

A good LP to have around when you want to create a romantic, after-midnight mood.

- That friendly, bearded giant, Burl Ives, always enjoys recording sessions and it shows on his albums. On his new LP, **My Gal Sal** (Brunswick), he is in a more serious mood than usual, but you can tell he lapped up every minute of the work that went into producing it. And no wonder! The album boasts some of the best songs ever written. *Red Sails In The Sunset; How Deep Is The Ocean?; By The Light Of The Silvery Moon;* and *Among My Souvenirs* are all included.

Burl sings each song splendidly, showing loving care for the words and melody. And, when you hear him singing in his gentle, simple style, it is almost impossible to believe it is the same man who brought to life so vividly the indomitable and passionate Tennessee Williams' character, Big Daddy, in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

- Ketty Lester's **Where Is Love?** (RCA Victor), covers many romantic moods. It proves, once again, that one thing this singer doesn't lack is versatility. My favourites: *My Romance; That's All; Deep Purple; Skylark;* and *My Foolish Heart*.

- I enjoyed **Brook Benton—Golden Hits** (Mercury) but I can't understand how the album got that title. If songs such as *Hither And Thither And Yon; Kiddio;* and *The Same One* were golden hits, I'd like to know when. Even so, there is some interesting stuff on the album and Benton has a good voice. My favourites: *Endlessly; Thank You Pretty Baby; With All My Heart*.

- **Muses With Milligan** (Decca) is adapted from the BBC TV series. If you enjoy Milligan's humour it is an excellent souvenir. Others will find it a bore.

SUSAN DELL

JACK JONES
BEWITCHED

HE WINED HER . . . DINED HER . . . *then tried to unwind her . . . !*

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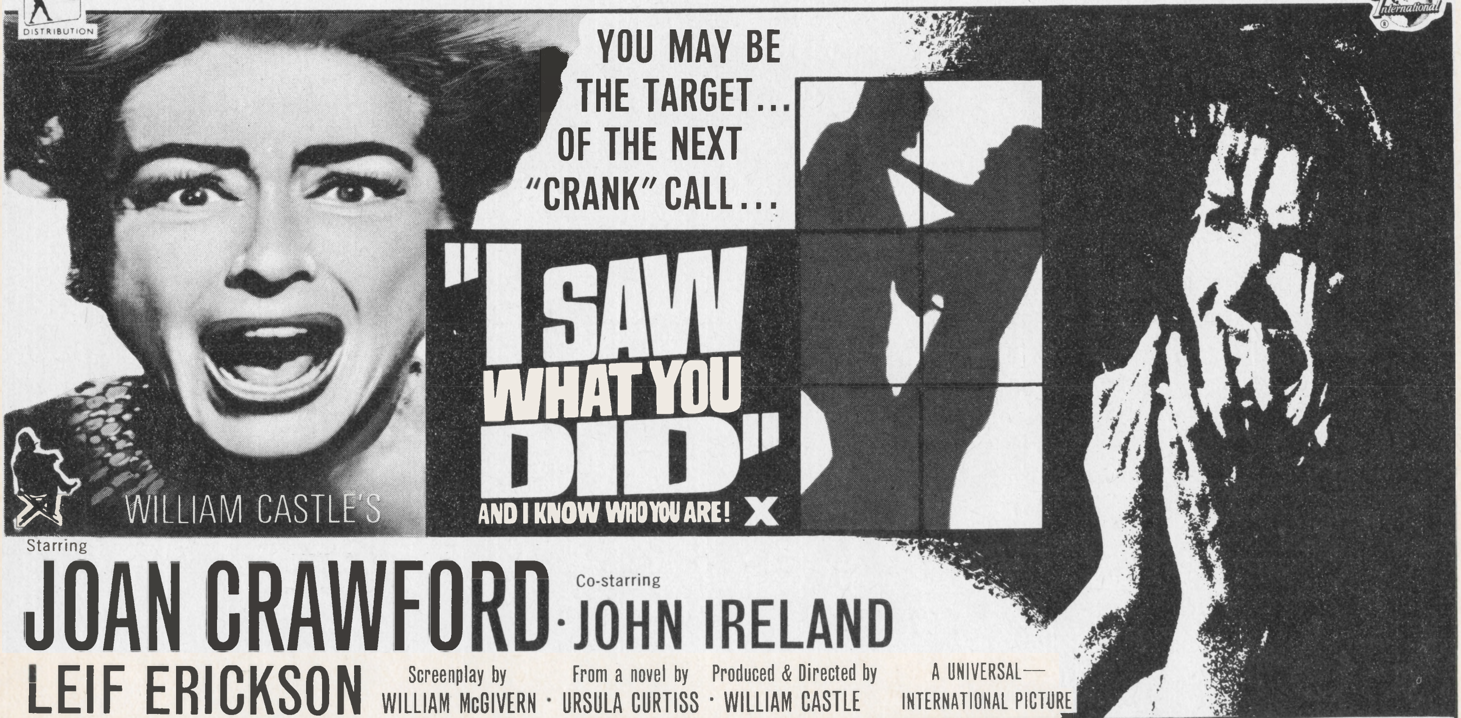

WILLIAM CASTLE'S

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AND I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! X

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THREE YEARS WITH EK

THERE she sat—rather regally—on the snow-white Bahamas sand dunes. Anita Ekberg! The Shape That Launched A Thousand Quips—and raised a few million eyebrows. But she's a new Anita now. Happier than ever before. Well-adjusted to life. And obviously very much in love with her second husband, American actor Rik Van Nutter.

The marriage of The Iceberg and The Great Unknown surprised everyone. However, the marriage that the sceptics said "didn't stand a chance" is three years old in April. "Three marvellous years," underlines Anita.

She lay back lazily in the sand, stretching the fabric of her eye-dazzling swimsuit to near danger point. Then, pushing her sunglasses to the tip of her nose, she stared pensively and said:—

"Yes, I stick by what I've always said about love, marriage and a career. I would give up my career tomorrow if it were necessary for the happiness of my marriage.

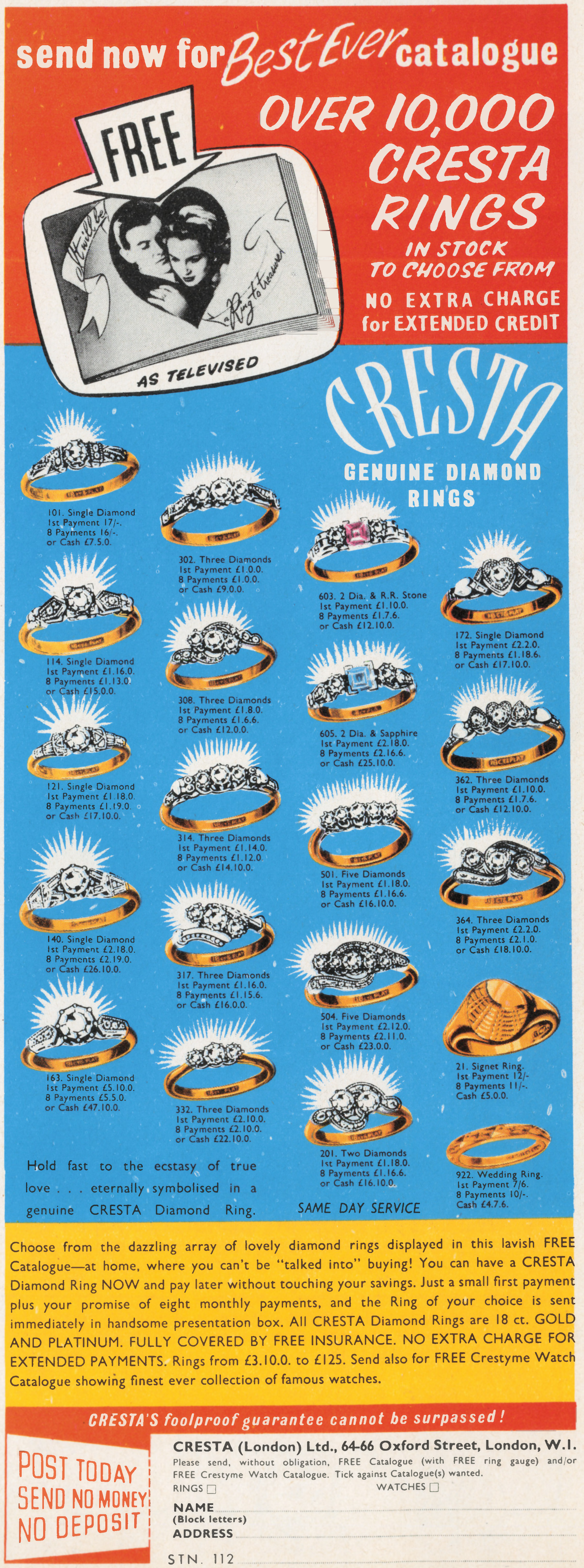
"For a woman's duty in this life is definitely to be a wife and a mother, rather than a career girl. I'm very old-fashioned in this respect. And certainly there are still times when I would like to give up this whole rat-race . . . the sex-symbol part of it, in particular."

Strong words. She's said them before. But never with today's conviction behind them. At 33, Anita has definitely grown up. She has found a new man, a new love, a new set of values and is finely matured by all three.

The girl born Kerstin Ekberg—sixth in a family of eight—in Malmo, Sweden, has survived a much-headlined existence. At first it seemed she was going the way of all actresses strangled with the sex-symbol tag.

Continued on page 43

Anita at home . . . and on holiday with Rik. Photo by Pierluigi.



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LESLIE CARON CHANGES GEAR

Continued from page 16

Leslie with her five-year-old daughter, Jennifer.

cluttered than ever, refusing to feel bound to any one place, any one country: "I hate the words 'settle down'. I'm not 'settling down' anywhere. 'Settling down' sounds like giving up."

Is the switch to comedy roles part of the new happiness, the new, sparkling vibrancy that friends notice about Leslie these days? She has cut her hair into a short, swinging "Mod" style; her laughter is more joyous, more relaxed; and at 33 she looks younger than ever before. But the change of style is, she maintains, just coincidental.

"Actually, it was very strange, but after *The L-Shaped Room*, in which I played a lonely French girl who gets pregnant, I was offered nothing but glossy comedy roles! It wasn't really what I wanted.

"For me, comedy is the hardest thing of all. It is not really me. It does not suit my face. But it is a challenge."

A challenge—but in a different way—is her part as a tragic young French wife who sees her husband killed in *Is Paris Burning?*—a big film about the capital's liberation. It is a comparatively small part for Leslie, but it meant gruelling days of work with French director, Rene Clement: "He thought nothing of working us 14, 15 hours a day. I have never been so exhausted. I was going to bed at about 6.30 every night. In Paris!"

But it is a film which brings back poignant memories for her. As a little girl she lived in Paris. Then the Germans came, and she and her brother were evacuated to Cannes. "I was very young when the war ended, but the marks stay on the spirit for many years," she says.

She feels she had to make *Is Paris Burning?* because it was a tribute to the bravery of so many of her countrymen of that time.

And in the film, the perfectionism that has made this diminutive woman one of the world's top stars, was evident again. Despite her love of clothes and her innate chic, she refused to diminish the authenticity of the film by wearing flattering clothes, as so many lesser stars would have done: "Because of the period, I had to wear a broad-shouldered, tight-waisted dress which was 'fashionable' then. *And* a dowdy wig and terrible clumping shoes. It made me feel awful, but you must go the whole hog with these things."

Yes, indeed—because if you don't, audiences will cease to believe in you. And eventually, they will jilt you. And no star, not even one so apparently safe as Leslie Caron, can afford to risk this. Small wonder, then, that the 'waif' seems tough!

You enjoy hospital life so much! I wish my job was half as interesting as yours!

Give it a try then! Become a State Enrolled Nurse like me. I bet my hours and pay are like yours—and I got four weeks holiday a year while training! Now I'm qualified I get five.

Funny, I've never really thought of it—not seriously, anyway. I suppose it's because I didn't like school and rules.

Nursing's not like that, silly! You're treated like a responsible adult now-a-days. There are no more rules than in any other job—and you know you're doing something important!

I do like meeting people, of course. That's the trouble with my present job—the same old faces every day. But then I expect I'll marry in a few years time.

Nurses make the best wives, remember! And you can always return to nursing later. I think nursing beats other jobs all ends up. It's really fascinating!

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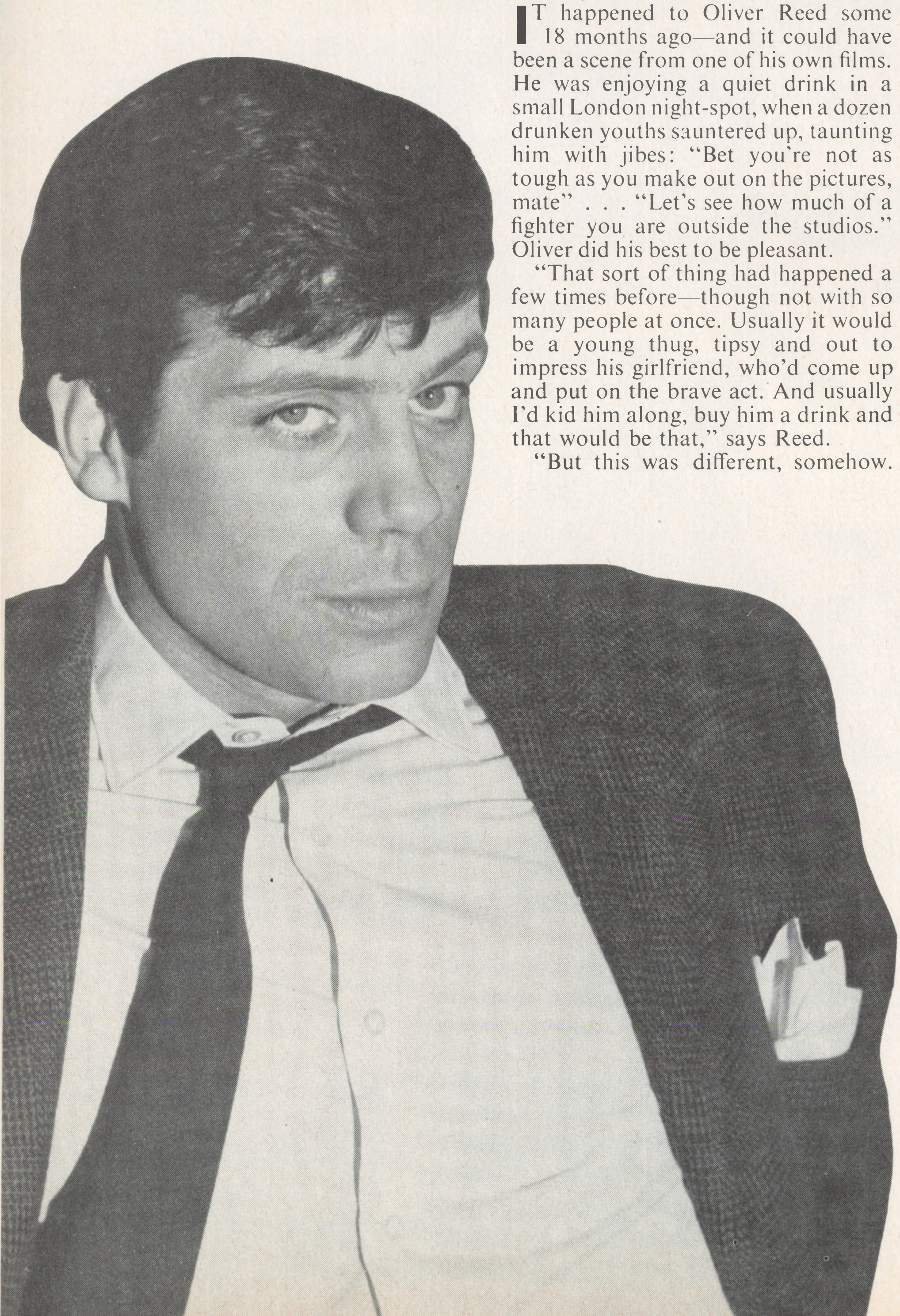
THE NIGHT OLIVER REED WILL NEVER FORGET

"One day I'll come face to face with the man who did this"



IT happened to Oliver Reed some 18 months ago—and it could have been a scene from one of his own films. He was enjoying a quiet drink in a small London night-spot, when a dozen drunken youths sauntered up, taunting him with jibes: "Bet you're not as tough as you make out on the pictures, mate" . . . "Let's see how much of a fighter you are outside the studios." Oliver did his best to be pleasant.

"That sort of thing had happened a few times before—though not with so many people at once. Usually it would be a young thug, tipsy and out to impress his girlfriend, who'd come up and put on the brave act. And usually I'd kid him along, buy him a drink and that would be that," says Reed.

"But this was different, somehow. They were nasty customers—and they kept on. In the end I did something I shouldn't—I lost my temper and told them to get out."

It was the excuse the young thugs had been waiting for. They jumped on Oliver. While the rest held him, one jabbed a wickedly-jagged broken glass in his face. Oliver, who is no weakling, fought back fiercely, but the odds were too great. After more treatment from the mob, he passed out.

When he came to he was on his way to hospital, where he had 22 stitches put into his face-wound. Today, he has a permanent two-inch scar down his left cheek—and a scar on his memory.

"One day I'll come face to face with the man who did this," he says softly, a touch of menace in his voice, as he fingers the mark. "I've been looking for him, off and on, ever since the night it happened. So have many of my mates in the film business—tough mates: stunt boys, fight experts and so on. We've had no luck yet. But I have time on my side. Sooner or later—and it might not be for 20 years—I'm going to meet that vicious coward. I'll settle my little score with him all right, but I won't need 11 cronies to help me."

That scar worried Oliver more than he cared to admit at the time.

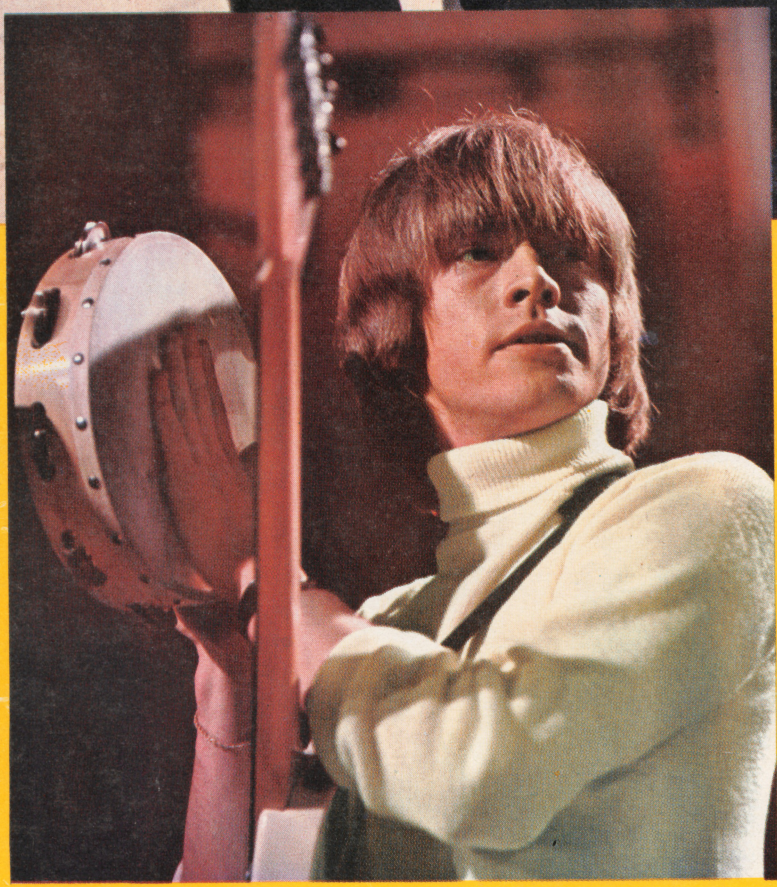
"An actor's face is very important to him—it's one of his most useful assets, especially in films and television, where close-ups are in constant use. But on reflection I decided that, with me at any rate, it didn't really matter all that much, since I've got a face like a dustbin anyway!"

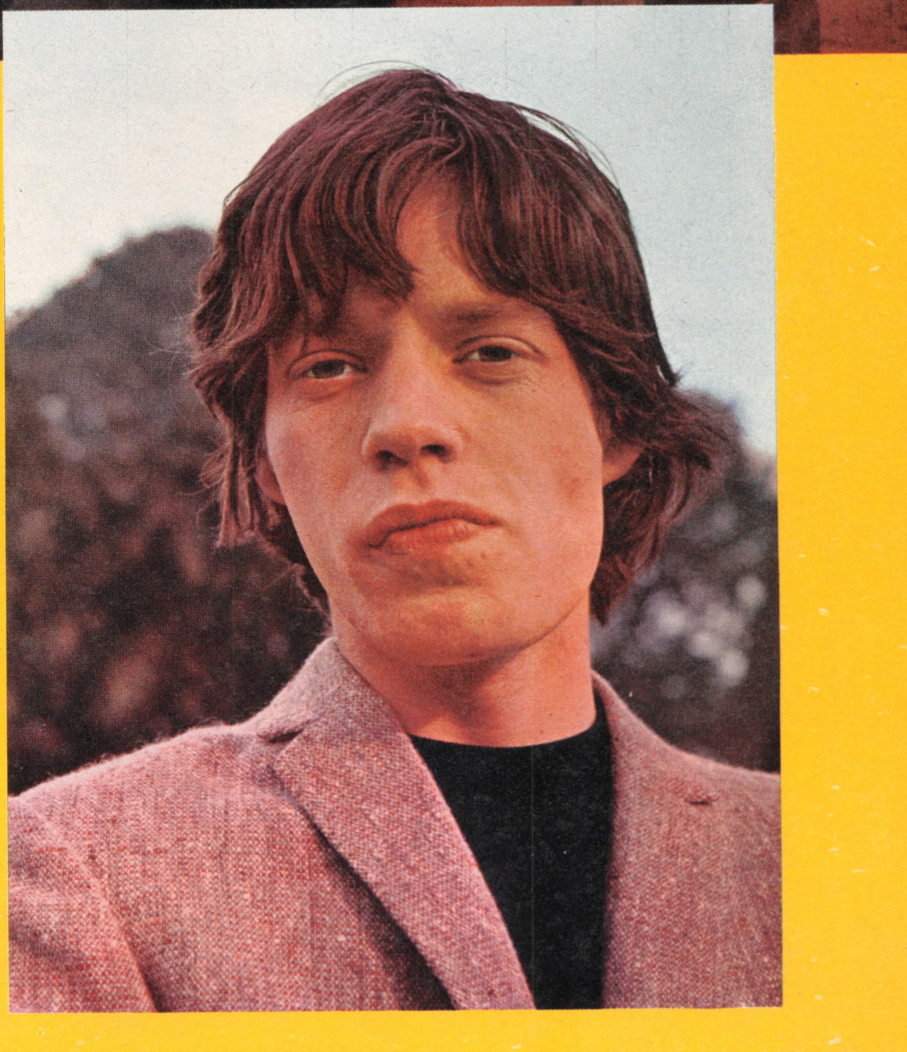
Oliver Reed's face does not, of course, resemble in the slightest that useful item of household equipment. But his features do have an unusual and striking quality. As one admirer once put it: "*Oliver has those dark, brooding, and unusually handsome looks that really send shivers up and down your spine . . .*"

Oliver himself has no illusions about

Continued on page 36

A SHOWTIME
SOUVENIR
PORTRAIT





THE
ROLLING STONES

SHATTERING

... that's the word to describe *The Collector*

I HAVE always hated seeing animals in cages. For this reason I will never visit a zoo or a circus, and I will never keep a budgerigar. It may be that many birds are happy behind bars, but the fact remains; a creature given wings to fly is denied that freedom. Like everything else in a cage, it is trapped.

In William Wyler's *The Collector* the trapped animal is human and, therefore, the impact of what happens is even more horrifying—especially as the captive is a pretty, intelligent girl on the brink of womanhood; a person who needs the company of others.

Even worse, the girl is not kept a prisoner in a cage but in the cellar of a lonely country mansion, completely cut off from the outside world.

When she is caught, her first feeling, like that of a trapped animal, is fear. This feeling is followed by anger, curiosity, loneliness, humiliation and, finally, most awful of all—frustration. The frustration of being caught in a trap from which she can see no possible way of escape.

The unfortunate girl in *The Collector* is played by Samantha Eggar and, after seeing her performance, I can think of no actress better equipped to bring to the surface the

Continued on page 38

Terence Stamp as *The Collector* and Samantha Eggar as his prisoner—in some of the harrowing sequences from the film.

SHOWTIME'S FILM GUIDE

A GIRL WORTH WAITING FOR

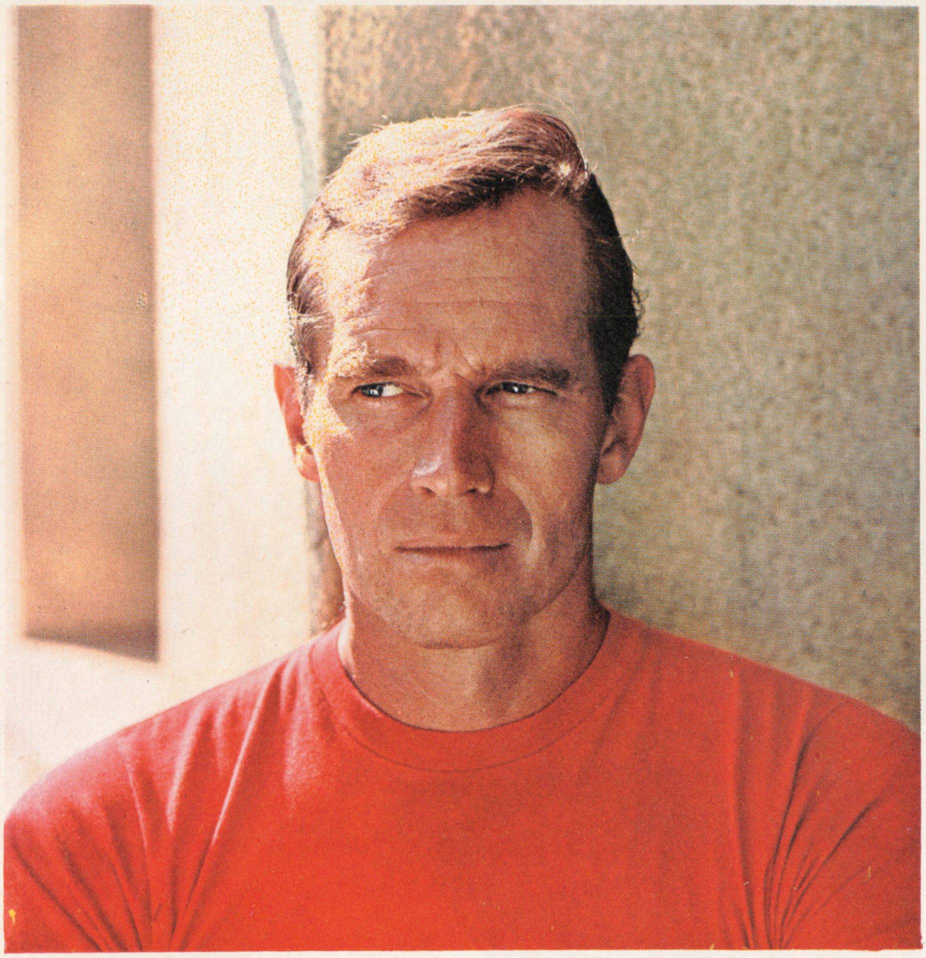
In *Thunderball*, Claudine Auger is Sean Connery's leading lady, but she is not the only girl in the film who is likely to stop a wide-awake photographer in his tracks.

To any photographer, a pretty girl on a beach is always worth more than a casual glance and, if she happens to be a girl like Claudine Auger, everyone can wait while the shutters click merrily away.

By this month it was hoped that anyone wanting to get a closer look at Claudine could have done so by going along to the new James Bond film, *Thunderball*. However, as most Bond fans know, the opening date was changed. Now we can look forward to seeing the film at Christmas time.

The delay came as a disappointment but, you can be sure, both *Thunderball* and Claudine are well worth waiting for.

Although this beautiful French actress, chosen as Sean Connery's leading lady for the new adventure, would alone provide enough glamour for most films it is, of course, the rule of the Bond producers to give audiences more than their money's worth. Therefore, in *Thunderball*, not only are there a thousand thrills, laughs galore and breathtaking locations, but there is also Claudine . . . *and* Martine Beswick . . . *and* Luciana Paluzzi . . . *and* Mollie Peters. Each girl plays an important part in 007's adventure although, with so much glamour around, one wonders if he will remember who did what. Never mind; even if 007's memory does play tricks, you can be sure he'll get himself out of any scrapes that result from it . . . whether it involves one of these stunning girls (and one of them is after his blood) or Emilio Largo, the new villain.



Heston plays a genius

CHARLTON HESTON, the big star who makes big pictures, goes from strength to strength as an actor. When he first entered the epic field, he was instantly admired for his talent as well as his muscles. He brought a new dimension to characters in epic productions. They had, so often, been nothing more than cardboard caricatures overshadowed by the size of the film. Heston proved that even in an epic an actor can shine. He made the characters real people by giving them warmth and personality that was not swallowed up by the big screen.

Heston's new picture, *The Agony And The Ecstasy*, is of epic size and his role, as the sculptor-painter Michelangelo, needed the Heston touch more than any other part he has played. But, even for him, the role was difficult. As he said: "How do you play a genius?"

This magnificent film (directed by Carol Reed) is set in Rome in 1508. It tells how Michelangelo came to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which was the Pope's private place of worship in the Vatican. Rex Harrison and Diane Cilento also star.

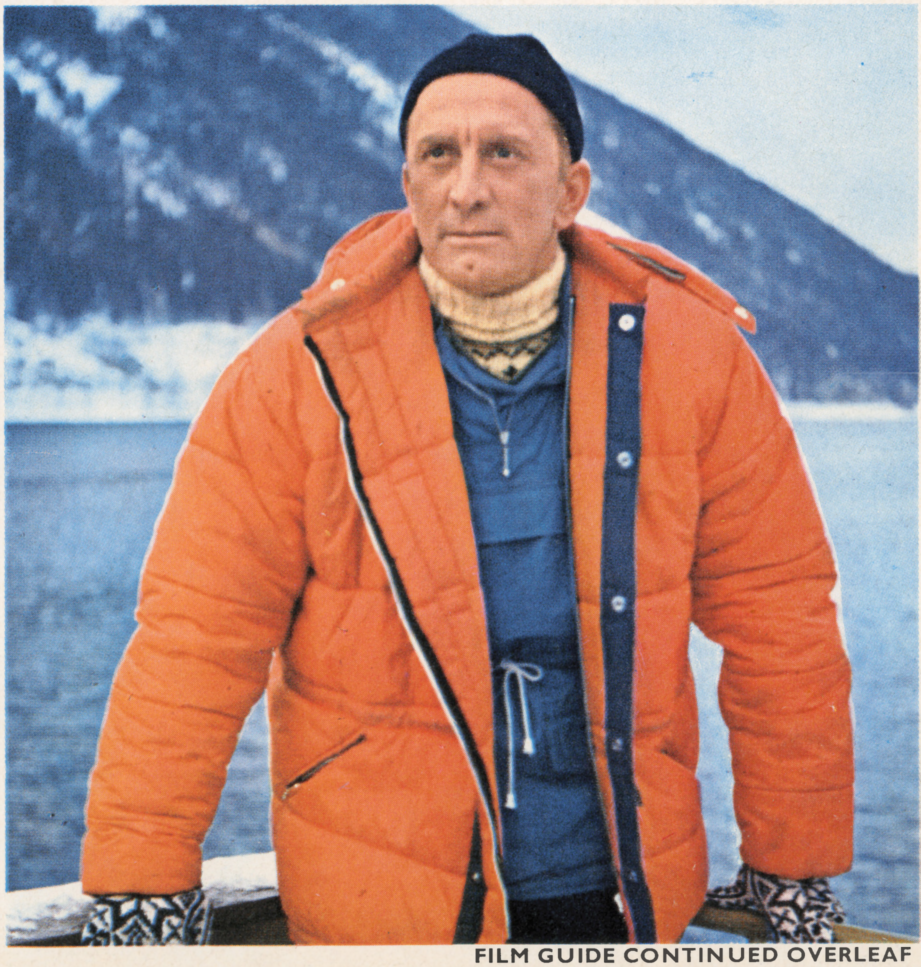
How Hitler was beaten

DURING the last war, Hitler got dangerously close to producing the first atomic bomb. If he had succeeded it would have meant disaster for civilisation as we know it today. But Hitler was stopped from producing the bomb. Not, as you may imagine, by a huge army of trained soldiers—but by a small group of Norwegians who, against tremendous odds, managed to blow up the enemy's heavy-water supplies. *The Heroes Of Telemark* tells the story of how they did it.

Two dramatic raids were needed to flatten Hitler's plan. The first paralysed the Norsk heavy-water factory at Vermork, Norway. The second blasted the remaining heavy-water cylinders as they were being shipped to Germany.

The leader of the men concerned in this dangerous mission, Dr. Rolf Pedersen, is excellently played by Kirk Douglas. Irish actor Richard Harris shines as Knut Straud who, with Pedersen, decides they will have to blow up the heavy-water supplies on their own after bad weather has made it impossible to get help from Britain.

Director Anthony Mann deserves a pat on the back for an excellent job.



FILM GUIDE CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SHOWTIME'S FILM GUIDE

I Saw What You Did

The trouble starts when a couple reluctantly leave their two daughters and a teenage friend alone one evening, after the baby-sitter falls ill. Left to their own devices, the girls play "the telephone game", calling random numbers and leaving mischievous messages, such as, "I know who you are and I saw what you did". The game becomes a little more involved, however, when the kids play their trick on a man (John Ireland) who has just murdered his wife. And complications really set in when the attractive widow from next door (Joan Crawford) arrives on the scene and it becomes obvious she and the murderer are more than good friends. It's all good suspense, with the children (left), Libby (Andi Garrett), Tess (Sharyl Locke) and Kit (Sarah Lane) keeping everyone on their toes. William Castle has directed the film at an even pace.

Live Shows

Cinderella: Grazina Frame plays the title role and Susan Maughan is the guest-star in this famous Christmas pantomime. Clifford Henry plays Buttons, and Barri Chatt and Terri Gardner appear as the famous Ugly Sisters who do their best to make Cinderella's life a misery.

This production opens at the Southampton Gaumont on 27th December for three weeks. It then goes to the Southend Odeon for the week beginning 17th January.

Mother Goose: Who better to star in this show than Hylda Baker, that delightful North Country comedienne? Hylda is joined by lovely Audrey Mann, as Gretchen. The Barras and West team play Smash and Grab, the comical bailiffs.

This presentation has three engagements: a fortnight at the Ipswich Gaumont from 27th December; a week at Doncaster Gaumont beginning 10th January; and, finally, a week at Hanley Gaumont beginning 17th January.

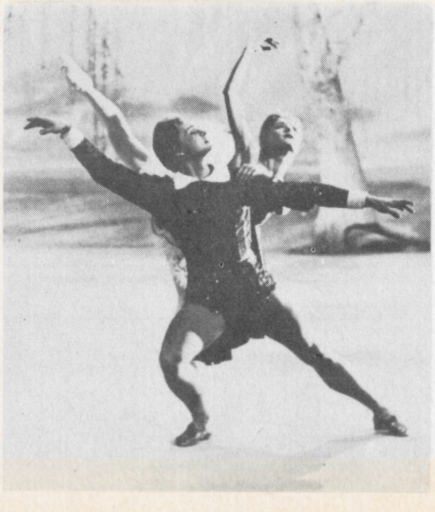
Puss In Boots: Joe Collins and Chesney Allen stage this new production for a five-week period at the Opera House, Belfast, beginning 27th December.

There are two other live shows worthy of your attention:

The London Festival Ballet visit the Ipswich Gaumont for a week beginning 29th November, and on 22nd November an all-star pop show, featuring Herman's Hermits, Wayne Fontana and Billy Fury, opens at the Manchester Odeon.

Ship of Fools

This fine drama concerns passengers aboard a German freighter on its way from Vera Cruz to Bremerhaven, Germany. The passengers, according to one man on board, are no ordinary passengers. "This is a ship of fools," he says. He's proved right! Among those involved: Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret and (above) Jose Ferrer with Christiane Schmidtmer.



● Flexing his muscles: Jean-Pierre Cassel. Looking on is Sarah Miles. The two star in the hilarious comedy, *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*. The film tells the story of a fantastic air race, which takes place in the early days of flying. A huge cast, picked from all over the world, appear in the film.

The Sleeping Beauty

Even if you do not consider yourself a ballet fan you will enjoy the Kirov Ballet's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. It is a colourful, exciting and brilliantly conceived film which proves it *is* possible to put a great stage presentation on the screen and capture all of its magic.

Alla Sizova plays Aurora, the unfortunate princess who is a victim of the Wicked Fairy's evil plan. This 26-year-old is a real charmer—pale, elegant and a princess to her finger tips. Tchaikovsky's music has never sounded better.

Doris Day and Rod Taylor star in the new 20th Century-Fox comedy, *Do Not Disturb*, which you can see early in the New Year.

NORMAN WISDOM

Continued from page 9

a line otherwise? Norman thinks not, and I agree with him. Is one of his films ever considered as a festival entry? No. It may be a hit at the box-office, but it is not regarded as sufficiently clever or *avant-garde* to be taken seriously.

Moscow asked for Wisdom to go to the festival as a guest of honour. (He couldn't do it because he was still filming *The Early Bird.*) But Britain didn't send his film as an official entry, though, heaven knows, his pictures are the choice of a large mass of the British public. Why not?

The work of comedians such as Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Tati, Fernandel, and even Jerry Lewis, is taken seriously by the critics. It is analysed, sometimes pulverised, but invariably given the compliment of being *criticised*. But not the films of Wisdom.

"It is probably my own fault if I am not written up too much in the Press as a personality," admitted Norman. "I could get a lot of space by divorcing Freda, my wife. But I happen to enjoy being married to her on account of the fact that I love her, so that angle is out. I don't need that sort of publicity.

"I've never been a guy for doing the night-club rounds. In private life I'm a quiet-living chap, and I like it that way.

Off-hand Comments

"But work is different. When I've made a film, a lot of hard work, thought, sweat, talent, ingenuity and know-how—both from me and everybody connected with the picture—has gone into it.

"Even if the critics don't like the film, is it too much to expect them to consider it seriously: to explain and discuss the film and me as a comedian? It makes me blow my top when I find it dismissed in a couple of lines with one of those sniffy '*Another Wisdom film; if you like this sort of film then you'll probably enjoy this*' type of off-hand comment.

"I ask again: What's wrong with being a successful slapstick comedian?"

This is a new Wisdom: a confident man, who has proof from films, television, records, stage and personal appearances that he is a star. And, let's face it, Britain hasn't too many to boast of.

Norman Wisdom has had to contend with a slight inferiority complex caused by the disdain of many, which doesn't match the enthusiasm of the majority. Perhaps this is the reason for his being considered "difficult" by some people.

It is an open secret that *The Early Bird* was nearly not made because of differences of opinion between Norman and his associates. Producer Hugh Stewart, director Bob Asher, and script-writer Jack Davies all admit that, as a slapstick comedian, Norman is tops.

"He is a perfectionist," they insist, "but he also wants to be a writer. Give him a funny situation and he'll make it 100 per cent funnier; but not when he wants to juggle with the dialogue or go into the motivation of the character. Then the scene can go overboard if he's not checked."

Perhaps it is all part of Norman Wisdom's struggle to prove to the critics that he is not just a buffoon jumping through hoops—that he has both intelligence and heart.

I asked Norman about his future:

"I'd like to do three films a year. Two of what the critics contemptuously call '*another Wisdom comedy*' and one that is different. How different? Well, I'd like to have a crack at the sort of film that Jack Lemmon makes."

Important Lesson . . .

I asked about his recent unfortunate experience with the stage show, *The Roar Of The Greasepaint*.

"It wasn't a personal flop," he insisted. "I had some good notices." Anthony Newley has admitted since that the book was too Brechtian, but that Norman was fine.

"I'm sorry *Greasepaint* turned out the way it did, but it may have been very good for my sense of perspective," said Norman. "It's useful to remember that life's not all success. Anyway, it taught me one important thing."

"*Such as?*" I asked.

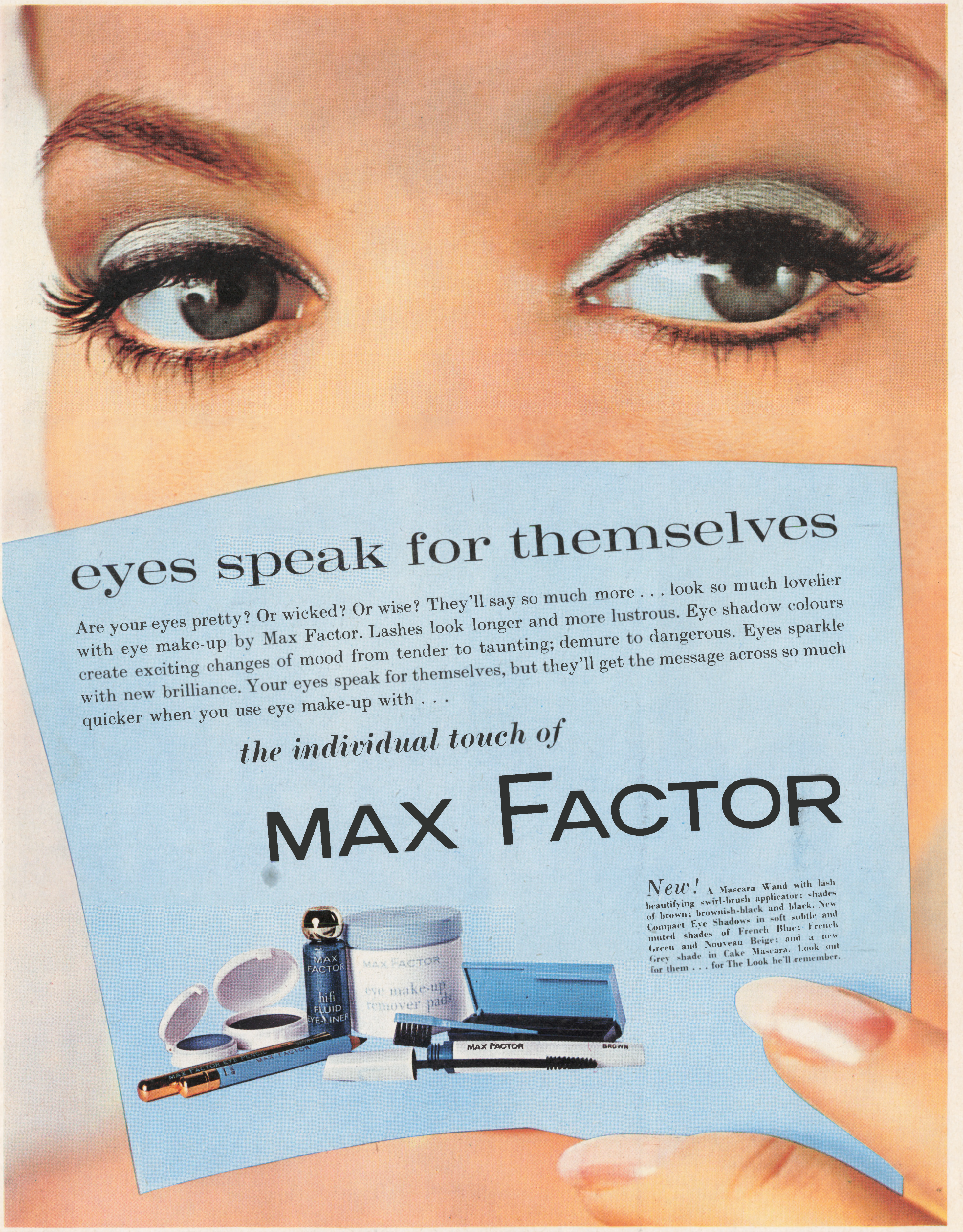
"Never to take *complete* direction again, as I had to in that show. I must be allowed to put in a few ideas. Or, at least, talk them over with the director and try them out."

Norman Wisdom has come up the hard way. He's a top draw in show business. He's happily married with a family. He has a luxury London flat and an out-of-this-world £40,000 house in Sussex. He has money in the bank and in stocks and shares. He owns a brick factory. He is a director of Brighton and Hove Football Club.

He is also a man with his feet still on the ground: a man who hasn't lost the common touch. By any standards, his song-plea, *Don't Laugh At Me 'Cos I'm A Fool*, is daft. He's no fool.

He may not be the '*little genius*' that the late Beverley Baxter suggested he was. But he is a very funny man who wants to be taken as seriously as other funny men. And, as an ex-bandsman, he's remembering how to blow a trumpet. *HARD!*

DICK RICHARDS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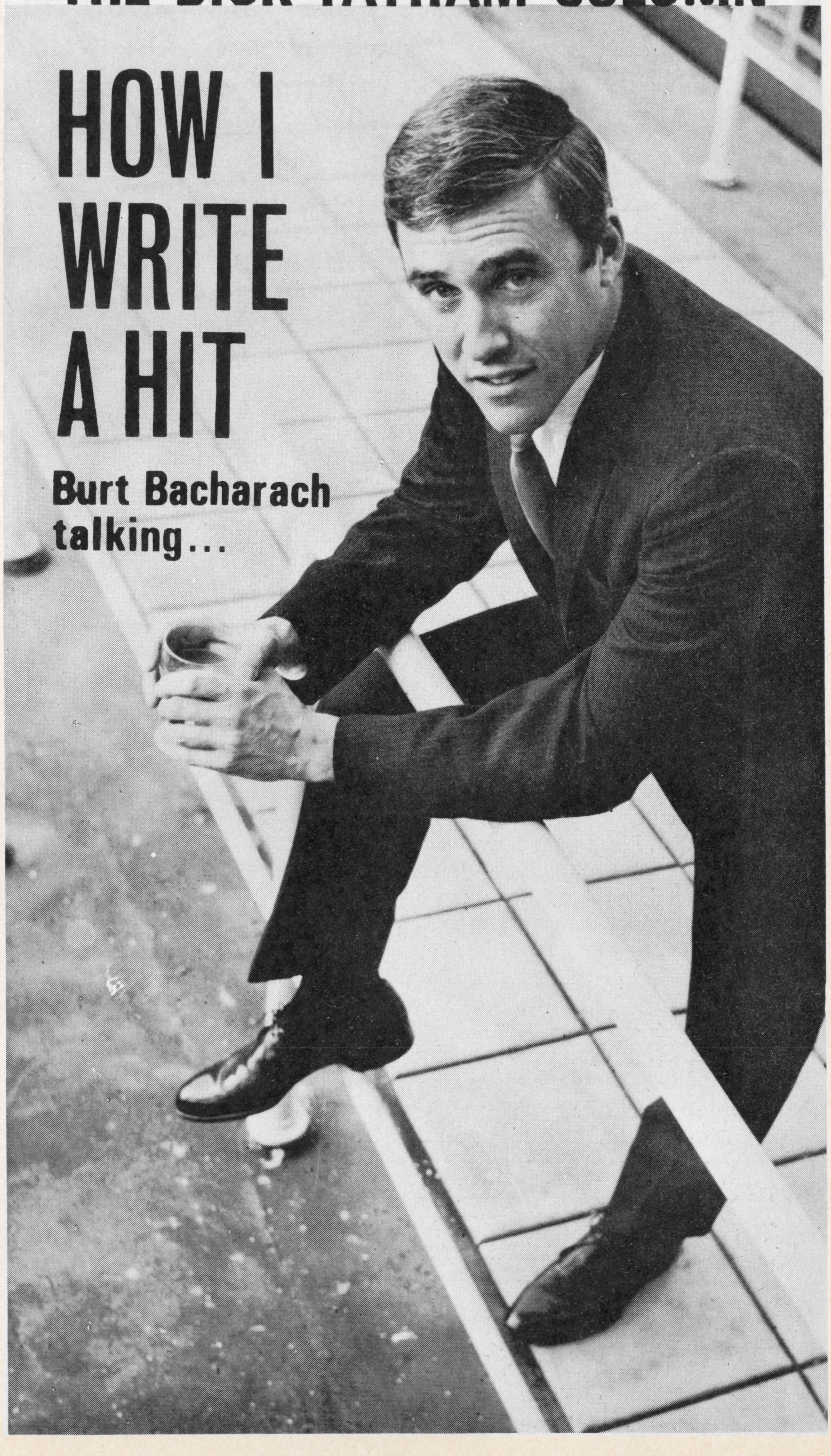
THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

HOW I WRITE A HIT

Burt Bacharach talking...



"I FEEL the important thing about my song writing, is that I could never approach it in a purely commercial way," said Burt Bacharach. "Of course, I have to ask myself if something is likely to sell. That's obvious. But I have to *enjoy* what I do. I have to *feel* what I write."

Burt was talking to me while in London on a short business trip. Times are busy for this remarkable music man, who had his early training in the classics, moved on to jazz, then became a fantastic force in the pop world and is now—because of his imaginative score for *What's New, Pussycat?*—set fair in the film world.

Burt's reputation has been boosted so high in recent years—thanks to such towering hits as *Anyone Who Had A Heart*, *Always Something There To Remind Me*, *24 Hours From Tulsa* and *Walk On By*—you would be forgiven for thinking that, at 36, he has come into the limelight fairly late in life—late, that is, in the pop world. But he has, in fact, hit songs to his credit which go back to 1957, when he penned *Magic Moments* for Perry Como and *The Story Of My Life* for Michael Holliday.

His original arrival on the pop scene was even farther back.

"It was in 1954 and I had just come out of the Army," explained Burt. "During my service I gained a little experience doing band arrangements for the AFN network. This came in useful when Vic Damone offered me a job as conductor and arranger. I worked with him for the best part of 1954 and 1955. In that time I learned just how much success one could find in the pop world and I decided that if none of it came my way, it would not be for the want of trying!"

Burt was born in Kansas City. His father is a journalist, his mother an artist. After leaving university, he studied classical music under Darius Milhaud at Santa Barbara Music Academy, California.

Soon after meeting Vic Damone and turning to pop, Burt worked with the Ames Brothers. Then in 1959 came the start of a musical association which was to take up most of the next six years. It was with Marlene Dietrich . . .

The partnership, between the fabled "glamorous grandmother" and the fast-rising composer-arranger-pianist, was outstandingly successful. Marlene has summed it up by saying, "My respect for Burt Bacharach the musician is matched by my respect for the man. No matter how many curtains opened and closed between the audience and me, his approval is what I was seeking."

These days the Bacharach career is blossoming in so many directions it is a mystery how he copes. "My main problem," he told me with a grin, "is that there are only 24 hours in a day. I don't think I'll run out of ideas."

Songs written by Burt and his partner, Hal David, have been recorded by an impressive list of singers which includes Gene Pitney, Cilla Black, Dionne Warwick, Tom Jones, Sandie Shaw and Dusty Springfield. Their song *Wives And Lovers* has been recorded by no fewer than 27 singers, including Andy Williams, Frank Sinatra, Jack Jones and Julie London.

On top of this, Burt is a recording artist himself. This year he hit the charts with his own composition, *Trains And Boats And Planes*. He also produces at recording sessions and,

Continued on page 42

...introducing the ANNE PRESCOTT page...

You can see our footwear at your local cinema – we make the boots for many of the costume spectaculars on your screen. We also use our cinema and stagecraft to design footwear for *your* feet: here is one – **Midzibab** – currently popular with our male show-biz customers.

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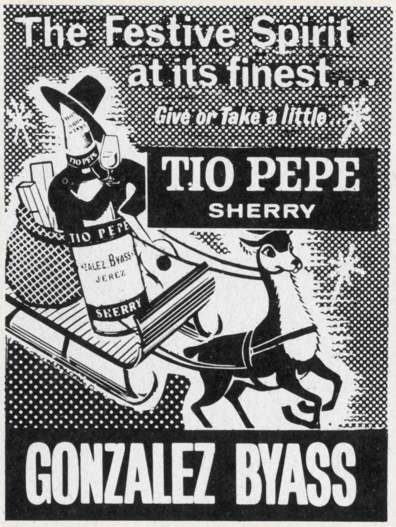

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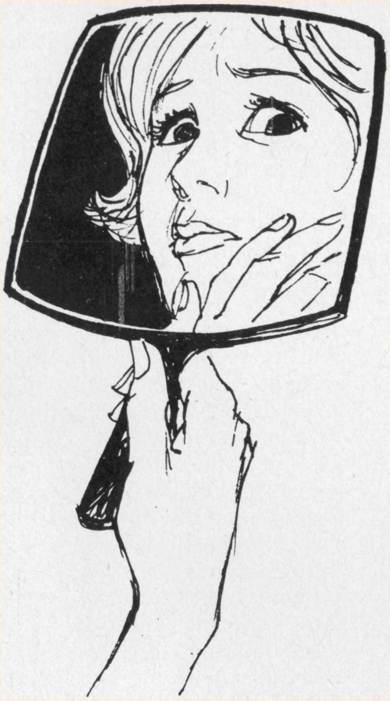

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SAV 178

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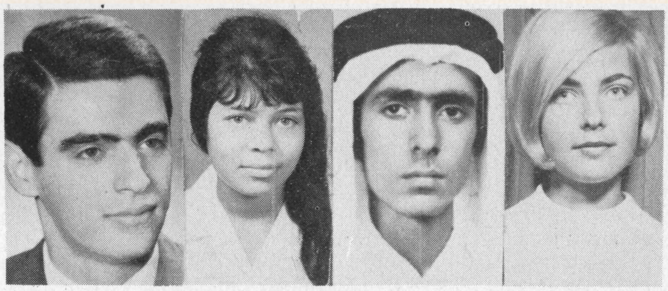
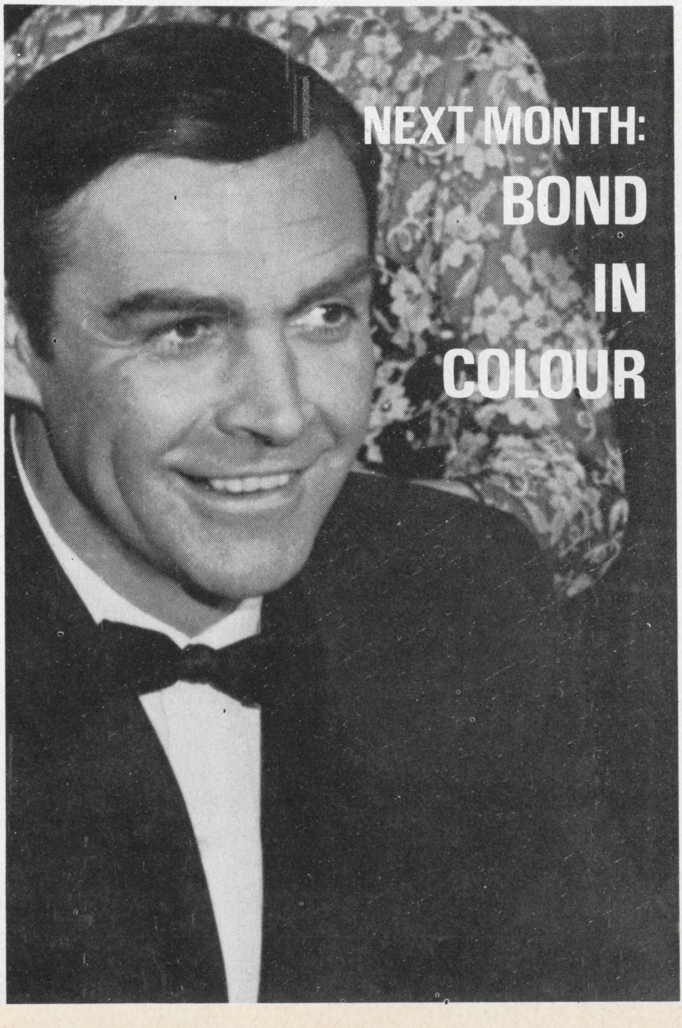




NEXT MONTH:

BOND IN COLOUR

THE NIGHT OLIVER REED WILL NEVER FORGET

Continued from page 23

his looks. "I'm the twentieth-century Neolithic man," he gags sombrely. "But, as far as film work is concerned, my face, for better or for worse, has been of immense help. It probably explains the run of Hammer horror and adventure epics I made. And let me say how grateful I am to those 'Hammer horrors'. They gave me valuable experience and won me something of a following among the public.

"They also—which was something of a mixed blessing—made people associate me with horror and villainy and nothing else!"

Contrary to belief in some quarters, Oliver Reed was *not* born in some Gothic castle in Transylvania and brought up by his Uncle Frankenstein. He was, in fact, born in the comparatively peaceful atmosphere of Wimbledon, London, in 1938, and spent most of his childhood near Tunbridge Wells. From there, his father (the racing correspondent of a national newspaper) sent him to Ewell Castle School in Surrey.

In Search Of Fame

He ran away from home at 17 to seek his fortune among the bright lights of London, and immediately landed a job—as a tough 'chucker-out' at a West End strip-tease club.

Next he became a boxer. "I fancied myself as a light-heavyweight," he recalls. His first fight he won. But his second wasn't so good. "I took an awful beating from a man who turned out to be a former professional," he remembers with a wince.

So he hung up his gloves and took a job as an operating theatre orderly at a Carshalton, Surrey, hospital. This work—not for the squeamish—was well paid. But Oliver regarded the job mainly as a means of earning money: he wanted to become an actor.

He spent most of his spare time away from the hospital doing the rounds of the agents' offices, writing to casting directors and telephoning producers. All without success.

The hospital job lasted for six months. Then came National Service.

Two years later he was back in London—still hoping to become an actor. But when he tried to get acting work, the answer was always: "*Sorry, you've had no exprerience.*"

Then came his big break. He joined a queue outside the BBC TV studios. "I told the producer I had been in repertory abroad," says Oliver. "But I know he didn't believe me. He gave me an audition, though, and I was given the leading role of Shakespeare's Richard of Gloucester in a children's TV serial. It ran for seven weeks—and gave me the experience producers and agents had been asking for."

He appeared in other TV productions such as *Four Just Men; The Third Man;* and *Biggles.*

Then came small parts in films: *Beat Girl; The Angry Silence; League Of Gentlemen; His And Hers; The Bulldog Breed; The Rebel.*

Horror Title-Role

His first Hammer film was *The Two Faces Of Dr. Jekyll*, in which he played a night-club 'bouncer'. This was followed by the part of a villainous earl in *The Sword Of Sherwood Forest*. Then he was given the title-role in *The Curse Of The Werewolf*, in which he wore three-inch fangs! He was also seen as his more recognisable self—and in came the fan-mail.

Further films followed: *The Damned; The Pirates Of Blood River; Captain Clegg* (he was the hero for once!); *Paranoiac; The Scarlet Blade.*

Two recent films brought Oliver high praise—but little else.

The Party's Over was a problem film because there were certain questionable sequences. The film eventually opened (after a two-year hold-up) in London earlier this year. Most people agreed that Oliver's performance as a cocky beatnik was superb. One critic even compared him with the young Olivier.

The System, which opened to fine notices in London and a few other places, was not a big financial success. But critics and public alike praised Oliver Reed's memorable and powerful portrayal of a summer resort beach photographer, who has a distinct way with the regular crop of girl holiday-makers. Newspapers and magazines ran features on the new young star. Oliver, naturally gratified, sat back and awaited new offers. But only a few—most of them unsuitable—came along.

After another Hammer adventure, *The Brigand Of Kandahar*, he had a lean year, apart from two or three TV appearances.

Then, last May, came a big turning-point in his career. He was cast as French composer Debussy in Ken Russell's widely-hailed BBC TV production, *The Debussy Film.*

"I think Russell had seen me in a film or TV play and thought I might be right for the part," recalls Oliver. "We had a long talk, he offered me the role and I accepted. Then he told me to go away and grow a beard.

"The morning after the film was shown on TV, the telephone calls started. It was fantastic: I was answering calls for hours—offers, congratulations, old friends I hadn't seen for years. I also gave five newspaper interviews that day. At one point I had three reporters literally queueing out in the kitchen to see me!

"This interview business kills me. If you achieve some kind of success in this business, the Press tends to put you on a pedestal and ask your views on all kinds of topics: emancipation of women, birth-control, the Salvation Army and whatever—subjects which usually have no connection at all with your work. The funny thing is, you're exactly the same person you were the week before, when nobody asked you your opinion on any damned topic!

"From all the offers, I chose two things. First the TV series *R3*, in which I play an idealistic young scientist. I thought it would be a marvellous opportunity to get away from this image of a monster-villain. In the series I open doors for girls instead of slamming them in their faces, and kiss them instead of belting them across the chops.

Choice Of Parts ...

"The other offer I accepted was a good film drama, *The Trap* about a French-Canadian fur-trapper in the wilds of nineteenth-century Canada, who saves up for three years to buy a young wife! He takes her off to the forests with him on the end of a rope, because she doesn't fancy the idea, and then discovers that she is dumb—literally! The rest of the story tells how the girl (Rita Tushingham) gradually grows to love him. I have a great time, fighting off wolves, bears and Indians and generally living a raw, back-to-nature existence. The role is a really tough one; I hope I'm up to it.

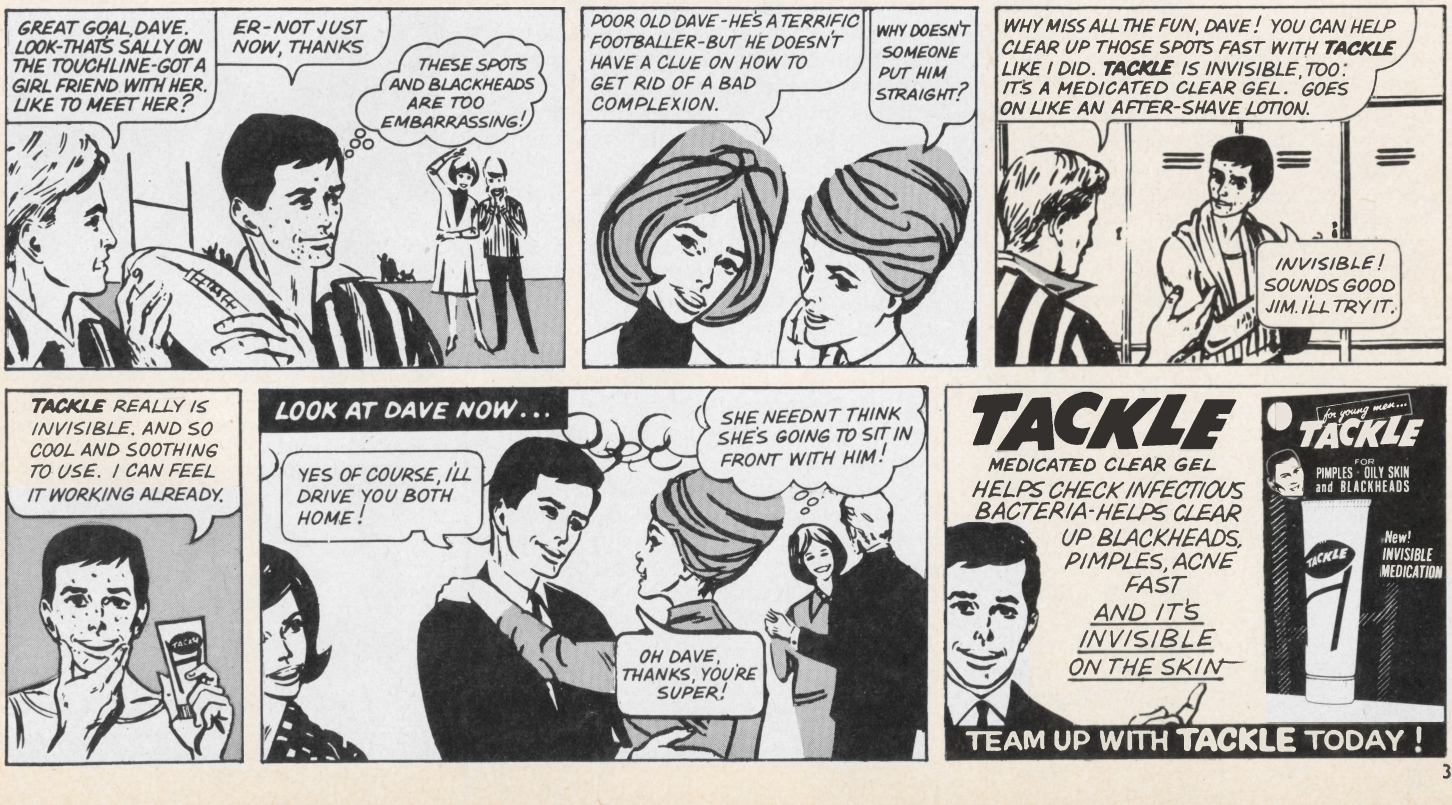
"Back to the Neolithic man? I suppose it is. But that, as they say, is show business, isn't it? One minute you're a nice young scientist and the next, a rugged fur-trapper."

Oliver Reed, then, has certainly arrived. He can choose his parts, has a thriving fan club, and a flat in Wimbledon, where he lives with his lovely ex-model wife, Katie, and their four-year-old son, Mark.

And he has accomplished everything without once seeking help from his distinguished uncle, director Sir Carol Reed. "I want to establish myself without anyone's influence to help me," says Oliver "Of course, I should love to appear in one of my uncle's pictures. But only when he wants me to because I'm a good actor—not because I'm his nephew."

Her name is Anna Capri and she is just one of the exciting young stars featured in next month's **SHOWTIME**. In this star-studded edition, Tony Crawley takes a look at all the films coming your way in the New Year. Look out for the **JANUARY** issue. On sale 19th DECEMBER.

"DATELESS DAVE" CLEARS UP HIS PROBLEM ... the man's way!



GREAT GOAL, DAVE. LOOK-THAT'S SALLY ON THE TOUCHLINE-GOT A GIRL FRIEND WITH HER. LIKE TO MEET HER?
ER-NOT JUST NOW, THANKS
THESE SPOTS AND BLACKHEADS ARE TOO EMBARRASSING!
POOR OLD DAVE-HE'S A TERRIFIC FOOTBALLER-BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE ON HOW TO GET RID OF A BAD COMPLEXION.
WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE PUT HIM STRAIGHT?
WHY MISS ALL THE FUN, DAVE! YOU CAN HELP CLEAR UP THOSE SPOTS FAST WITH TACKLE LIKE I DID. TACKLE IS INVISIBLE, TOO: IT'S A MEDICATED CLEAR GEL. GOES ON LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.
INVISIBLE! SOUNDS GOOD JIM. I'LL TRY IT.
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LOOK AT DAVE NOW...
YES OF COURSE, I'LL DRIVE YOU BOTH HOME!
SHE NEEDNT THINK SHE'S GOING TO SIT IN FRONT WITH HIM!
OH DAVE, THANKS, YOU'RE SUPER!
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL
HELPS CHECK INFECTIOUS BACTERIA-HELPS CLEAR UP BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, ACNE FAST
AND IT'S INVISIBLE ON THE SKIN
for young men... TACKLE
FOR PIMPLES · OILY SKIN and BLACKHEADS
New! INVISIBLE MEDICATION
TACKLE
TEAM UP WITH TACKLE TODAY!

SHATTERING

Continued from page 26

agonising frustration and fear a girl undergoing such an ordeal would suffer. Her portrayal is magnificently harrowing; a perfect picture of someone saved from madness or suicide only by her desire to be free.

The boy who kidnaps the girl in the film collects butterflies. He is a lonely, drab bank clerk and his fellow workers make fun of his hobby. They do not know, however, just what it means to him; they have not seen him watching the butterflies in their glass prison, their fragile wings fluttering slower and slower as they die.

The boy—brilliantly played by Terence Stamp—is able to put into practice what has before been a crazy dream when he wins £75,000 on the football pools. Since childhood he has admired a girl he met at school. When they were children he used to follow her home. Now she is an art student, and he spies on her as she goes to and from her art classes or meets her boy-friend for a date.

With the help of the money, he devises a plan which will enable him to do more than admire her from afar. He buys an isolated Elizabethan mansion, converts the cellar into a prison and furnishes it.

Then, with a chloroform pad at the ready, he waits. The unsuspecting girl walks straight into his trap. She is rendered unconscious and, when she recovers, she finds herself in the "prison" he has prepared for her.

And what then? This is where the book and the film become horrifyingly intriguing. You soon discover that the boy has not captured the girl for the most likely reason. Neither, with his pools win, does he plan to hold her to ransom.

Why, then, has he got her there? In his own mind the reason is simple: he wants her to get to know him in the hope she will love him. While she is his prisoner he treats her with respect. He does everything he can to make her happy. But all she wants is the one thing he will not consider: her freedom.

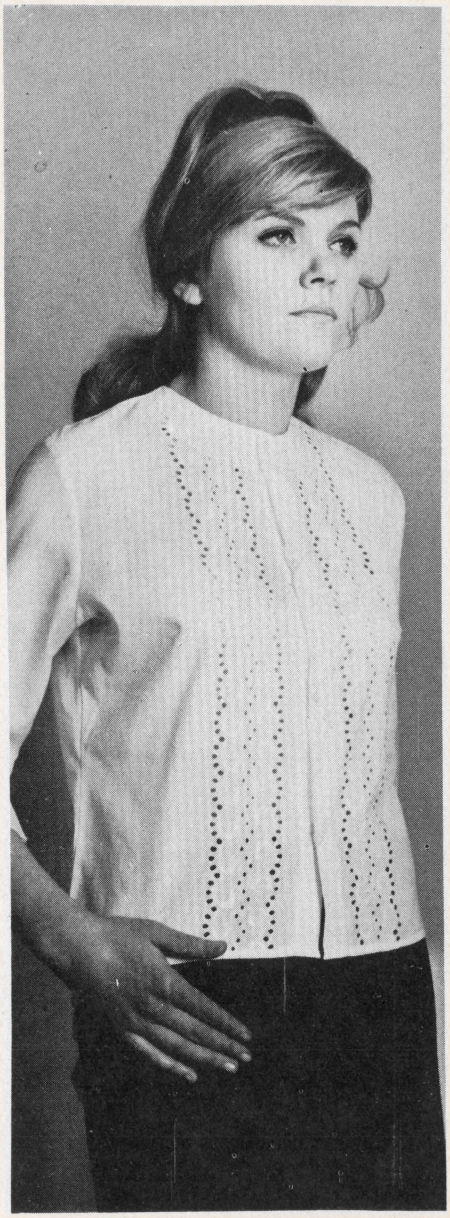
It is at this point, after the initial fear has subsided, that the girl becomes, in turn, curious, lonely, angry and frustrated by his cunning in baulking every plan she makes for escape. Finally, desperate to be free, she strips and offers herself to him. Stamp, whose impotence is now apparent, rejects her.

Later, during a storm, she does manage to get out of the house, but her effort leads to disaster. As the rain beats down on them, they fight furiously, the boy striving to get the girl back inside. His task is made more difficult by a head wound received when the girl strikes him with a spade and, although he manages to lock her up once again, he has to go to the local hospital for treatment. He is kept there and, while he is away, she contracts pneumonia and dies.

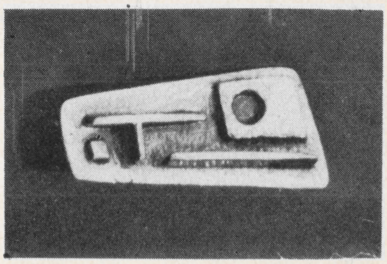
The theme of *The Collector* makes it strictly adult fare. The abduction and imprisonment of the girl by the psychotic boy may not be everybody's idea of entertainment. Nevertheless, savage and sad as it is, I am glad I did not miss it. For direction and acting it is difficult to match.

JAMES LESTER

Fabulous offers EXCLUSIVE to Showtime readers



This beautiful white blouse is in fine imported Swiss cotton. Retail price: £2. To Showtime readers: 19s. 11d.



This modern, abstract brooch in dual-toned copper makes an ideal present for a girlfriend. Retail price: 15s. To Showtime readers: 9s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS – at half the price!

WITH Christmas just around the corner, Showtime gives all its readers a wonderful opportunity to secure some wonderful gifts at special, reduced prices. All the offers are *exclusive* to our readers and, as you see, the gifts include something for your girlfriends, boyfriends—and yourself. Don't miss this opportunity.

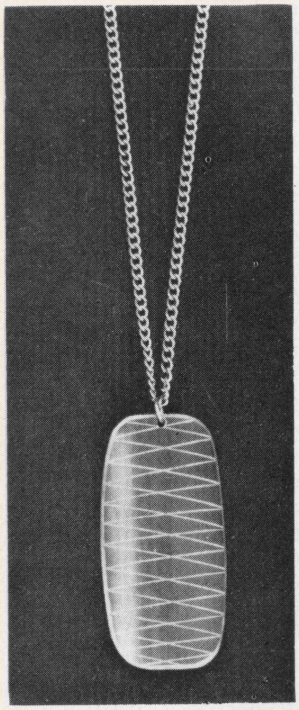
All you have to do to get one or more of these excellent offers is fill in the coupon and send it to us. We will send you the article(s) together with a special Showtime gift card for your friends.

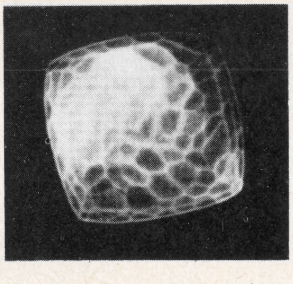
Please send us your order as soon as possible so that we can get the gift(s) to you in good time for Christmas. All articles will be sent in a smart box.

Send orders to: Showtime Gift Offer, 170, Ilfield Road, London, S.W.10.
(Postal orders made payable to "Showtime Gift Offer".)

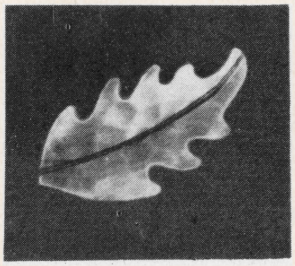
Any girl would be proud to own this beautiful pewter pendant (below), or the pendant in copper (below right). Retail price: 15s. each. To Showtime readers: 9s. 6d. each.

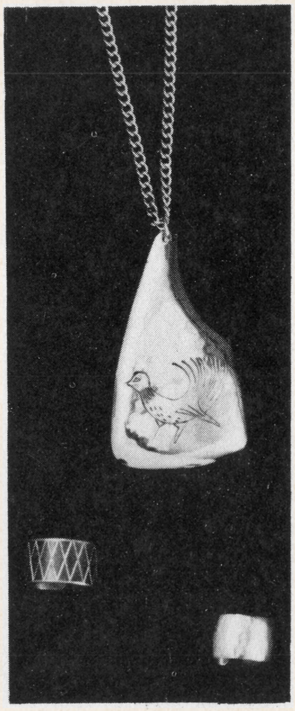
Gifts with a difference: These unusual wide-pattern dress rings in copper (below right) and pewter. Retail price: 7s. 6d. each. To Showtime readers: 5s. each.





A present for the boyfriend or girlfriend: These smart, hand-beaten dual-tone pewter cuff-links in square shape or leaf shape. Retail price: 25s. To Showtime readers: 15s.





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I enclose postal order No.............................value £..............s. ....d. to cover cost of articles indicated on form above. (Postage free.)

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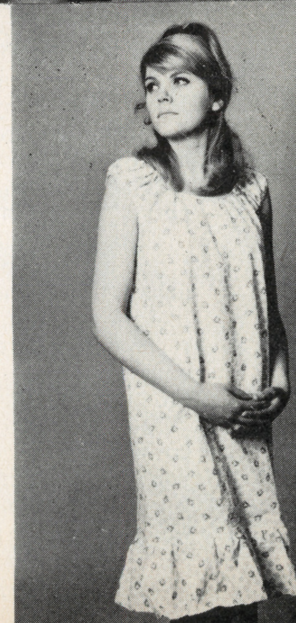
Treat your girlfriend to this "Pliffie" cotton, shortie nightdress with frilled hem and two bows. In pink, blue or lemon. Retail price: £1 15s. To Showtime readers: 19s. 11d.



Another ideal gift: This pretty flowered cotton nightdress in blue, turquoise or pink. Retail price: £1 15s. To Showtime readers: 19s. 11d.

WHY I AM AFRAID OF LOVE

Continued from page 10

"Yes, I think it has been to most successful women in the film world," she agreed. "But I hope that success, and my desire to keep that success, won't be an impossible problem for me.

"I think it's dodgy when an actor and actress marry, because they both love acting. Unless you make a great effort to involve yourself in your partner's goings on there must be trouble. Yet you can't if you're both acting, because what *you* are doing is important to you.

"You would love him *and* your work and there would be a constant pull, a tug between the two.

"And people who are *not* in this business tend to become attracted to what they *think* you are in their mind's eye, from what they've read about you, how they've seen you on the screen. They're attracted, not so much to you, as to some sort of preconceived idea about you. They don't try hard enough to get to know you as you really are and are therefore often disillusioned. I feel that I would want to know a person a long time before I got married."

Envious of Juliet?

I asked her if she ever envied her elder sister, Juliet, who is happily married with a family.

"Oh, yes. Like mad. She is four years older than me and she's much more a woman than I am. Crikey, she's got a marvellous marriage [*to actor Russell Alquist*]. She adores him and he adores her and it's all lovely. And she married at the age I am now!

"But Juliet has always been much more independent and more in command of herself and her life than I am. I was always copying her at school and following her around. She is a leader and I am a follower. I really am."

"*Are you impulsive emotionally, with boys?*" I asked her.

"No, not at all. I don't know where I got it from, but I'm the type who always thinks ahead. Whatever I do, I find myself thinking of the possible repercussions. It's bad in a way, of course, because it makes you just a little calculating.

"It also makes you into a moral coward and you miss such a lot when you start worrying about the result of what you're doing. But there are some things you have to do then and there. Like when you say '*I don't care what happens*', when you just get into your car and go, as I did recently when I went off to Brighton to spend a weekend all on my own in a hotel."

"*Oh, oh, what's this? Hayley Mills cutting out from the Mills family at last? You do that a few times and you'll be getting a flat on your own!*" I said.

She laughed. "You mean a flat tyre! No, I did it. I just wanted to be on my own. But the pathetic thing about it was that the weather was hideous. There was a sea mist all the time and I came back home with a roaring cold.

"It was so ridiculous. I told our secretary I'd use another name and she booked me under the name of Heather Miller. Heather Miller! Why Heather Miller? How I hated Heather Miller. And they all knew who I was, you know. I felt such a fool. I just walked up and down the beach, learned my script and hummed to myself. Oh, and I tried out a new diet—of eggs and white wine—which I think must have wrecked me for life!"

It's A Family Affair

Outside the car, as we talked, the rain continued to pelt down. It had forced Hayley and her father, John Mills, who is directing her in *Sky West And Crooked* (from the book written by his wife, Mary Hayley Bell), to abandon work for a few hours.

In the film, Hayley plays a mentally retarded child who is regarded with hate and suspicion by the inhabitants of a tiny English hamlet.

While Hayley's parents retired to a local inn near Little Badminton to dry off, we continued our talk.

"*Hayley, in your last film,* The Truth About Spring, *you acted with your father. Now you're being directed by him in a film written by your mother. When will you cut out on your own?*"

"Well, after this, I will be working alone in Hollywood.

"I know lots of girls of my age want to cut away from their families, and I would love to have a little flat of my own in London, decorate it up and so forth, but really I'm terribly lazy and the place would be in absolute chaos. I'm no good at washing and cooking and I'm terribly untidy. I have moments when I want to migrate from home but I never do anything about it. I shall have to have my own apartment in Hollywood. It will be the first time and I'm terrified!

"But I am cutting out alone in my career really. Now that my Walt Disney contract is finished, I have to make all the decisions about what films I will make or not make. But I like to have a prop—my family.

"You might think because I'm in this business and mixing with sophisticated people that I am more of a young woman than an average girl of 19, but it's not true at all.

"Perhaps it's because I left school at 15, but I constantly feel *absolutely* stupid. I was in the B stream and never got 'O' levels or anything. Anyway, I was always leaving school and going to work in a film, then coming back and they'd be 70 chapters ahead, so it was impossible to catch up.

"Now, when I meet girls of my age whom I went to school with, I always feel at an absolute loss. They seem to have a much more sophisticated outlook on life than I do.

"I feel, if anything, sillier than I did two years ago. When I was 15 or 16 say, I had enormous confidence. Nothing worried me really. I didn't get shy or introverted so I could say what I thought without worrying how I sounded. But the older I get the more I think before I speak, the less easy it all gets—oh, life was much simpler when I was younger!"

"*Eighteen months ago you told me you were afraid of growing up, of losing your childlike open-mindedness, innocence and the ability to accept life without question. How do you feel now?*"

"I lost it! Oh, my mind's closed up like a clam now. I don't worry too much about my 'image'. But I do think I have to be careful what I do. I can't go on doing the same kind of parts I did as a kid. Now I have to make decisions. I can't do *that* because I did something like it before. I mustn't do *this* because it's not going to further my career or my experience. I am at a crucial stage now.

"You can't make the transition from child actress to young women parts in one jump. I couldn't suddenly play in *Two Women* for instance. But it's not so much the *age* you play as the kind of part you play. And my trouble is that there are so few good parts for girls of my age."

Bardot Is Fabulous

"*Is there any woman that you would like to be?*"

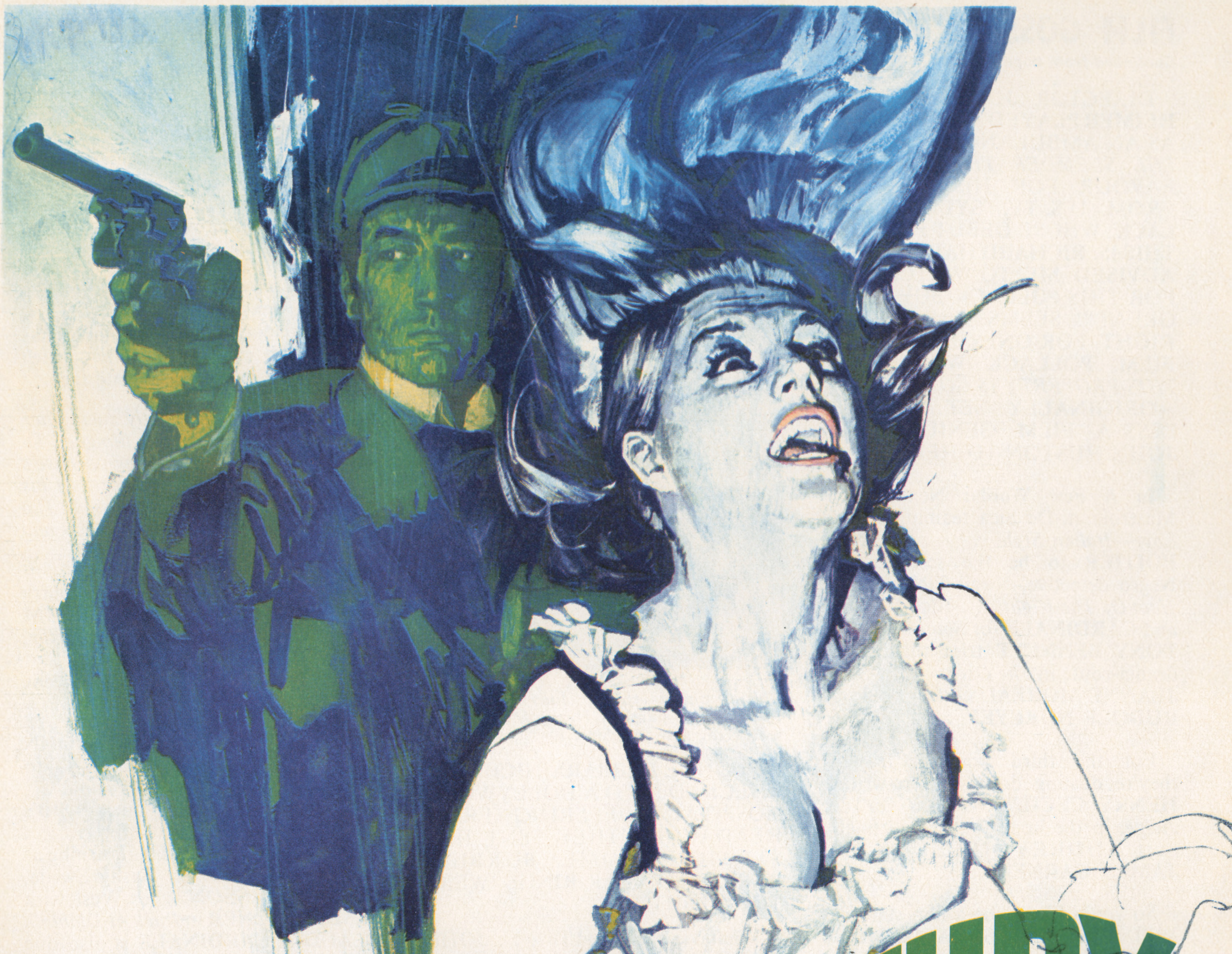
"Yes," she answered quickly. "Daphne du Maurier, because of her wonderful mind. And I covet the womanly qualities of Bardot. I think Bardot is fabulous."

"*You're not so bad yourself,*" I said.

"Oh yes I am," she replied, pulling back her wet hair from her eyes and looking in the driving mirror. "Oh, dear. My forehead's so big. I look just like an egg!"

With her self-critical attitude, Hayley shouldn't have too much trouble in keeping her career at the top.

Or in finding that love is *NOT* something to be scared of, either.



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FILM GOSSIP

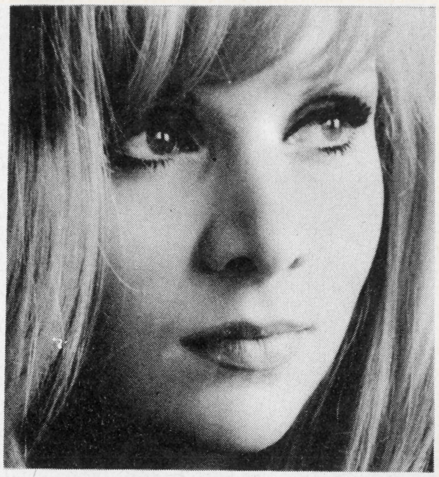
Continued from page 7

DIRECTOR **JOHN FRANKENHEIMER** PLAYED A SMALL ROLE AS AN AMBULANCE DRIVER IN *THE SLENDER THREAD*—AS A FAVOUR FOR HIS OLD PAL FROM U.S.-TV, **SYDNEY POLLACK,** WHOSE DEBUT FEATURE THIS IS. **RICHARD HARRIS** FIRST ADVISED ME TO WATCH OUT FOR THIS POLLACK BOY: "HE'S GREAT!" SEEMS HARRIS WAS RIGHT. FOR ONLY HIS SECOND FILM, POLLACK WILL MAKE *THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED* —ORIGINALLY SET FOR NO LESS A FILM GENIUS THAN **JOHN HUSTON** TO HELM.

In A Few Words: Next Loren-Mastroianni-De Sica teaming will be *Love—Italian Style* . . . **SIDNEY POITIER** to be the screen's first Negro detective, Virgil Tibbs, in *The Heat Of The Night* . . . It's **BRANDO** and **CARDINALE** for *Southwest* . . . **TONY BENNETT** tries the Sinatra drama-route in *The Oscar* . . . Next **JEANNE MOREAU** co-star could be **RUDOLF NUREYEV** . . .

For the third time—at least!—they're dusting down and re-writing **HENRY CECIL'S** *No Bail For The Judge*, in the hope that it will finally suit **AUDREY HEPBURN** and **JAMES GARNER**.

So you'd like to be a film star, eh? Well, listen to **URSULA ANDRESS** talking about her location work on *Chinese Adventures In China:* "I got up at 6 a.m. and, after cleaning up, didn't have dinner until 11 p.m. I have bruises everywhere, because everyone drags me around in the film— through holes, up stairs, and on roofs. I cut my foot on glass in an underwater scene . . . got a black eye and swollen nose walking into a heavy door . . . sprained an ankle in the Malayan jungle . . . got pieces of lead in my leg from machine-guns (and I wasn't even in that shot!) . . . cut my finger . . . and got chased by an elephant . . .!"



Going places—that's Judy Huxtable. From a bit part in *Flying Machines* to a starring role in *Schizo.*

BLONDE **BARBARA NICHOLLS** CHECKED INTO A HOLLYWOOD HOSPITAL SUFFERING FROM HEADACHES. THEY SENT HER STRAIGHT HOME. BURBLES BABS: "MY EAR-RINGS WERE TOO TIGHT!"

Whatever Happened To . . . JOHN GAVIN? Remember the star in the **ROCK HUDSON** mould: tall, good-looking, wooden. I hear he's acting again now. His career was almost ruined when he was called back to duty in the U.S. Diplomatic Service. "Not that it kept me so busy," comments John, "but word got around that I acted only for fun: that my real goal was politics. Actually, I spent less time with my diplomatic assignments than most actors do playing golf. Gradually though, the actor-diplomat publicity died down and now I'm back in the profession I really love."

Out to prove that not all Swedish films are sexy, YNGVE GAMLIN, writer, director, and practical joker, has made a film called *The Hunt*—which doesn't show one single female face.

A Frenchwoman, recently sueing her husband for divorce, was no filmgoer. To prove her charge of her spouse's adultery, she produced "pictures of his mistresses". Case was dismissed. The pictures were of **SOPHIA LOREN** *and* **CLAUDIA CARDINALE.**

Busily working towards his fourth Oscar is veteran director WILLIAM WYLER (*Ben-Hur*, *The Collector*, etc.). He comments: "I have four children and want to leave them one each."

In A Few More Words: JOHN WAYNE and **JAMES STEWART** to be pardners in *The Heaven Train* . . . One extra was killed during **BB**'s *Viva Maria!* location filming . . . **MONTGOMERY CLIFT** returning as *The Swimmer* . . . Dishy Swede, **BIBI ANDERSSON,** goes West with **JAMES GARNER** in *Duel At Diablo*... **CLAUDIA CARDINALE** is also due West, soon, as an Injun gal in *Armageddon* . . . **DICK VAN DYKE** taking over the comedy, *A Garden Of Cucumbers*, long set for **CARY GRANT** . . .

THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

Continued from page 33

when he gets time, handles arrangements. With Hal David he manages the talented Dionne Warwick. He is hard at work developing his film career and is keen to write a stage musical.

"Hal and I have an 18th-floor office suite in New York, and that's where we work," Burt told me. "It has a lovely view and is furnished more like a home than an office. This gives us a relaxed atmosphere in which to work."

How does the Bacharach-David team write hit songs? Here is a question-and-answer explanation:

Q: *Does one of you write either the words or music first, and then go to the other to get the job finished?*

A: No. We work better and faster if we work together. This way we both pool ideas for the words and music. We have worked out a collaborative pattern in which the lyrics and the melody can't be separated at any point in their creation.

Q: *Do you set out to write a song which could be ideal for any singer —or is it usually written with someone in mind?*

A: Four times out of five we have someone in mind.

Q: *Do you compose at the piano?*

A: Not often because I find myself getting intrigued by chord progressions and this distracts me from creating the melody. When I am writing, I just sit around—or even lie on the floor!

Q: *You have a great range of styles in your song writing. How did this develop?*

A: It goes back to what I said about writing what you feel. I would get bored if I stuck to one style and I switch styles without thinking about it. It depends on my mood or what I'm thinking about.

Q: *Where do you get ideas for songs?*

A: From practically anywhere: real-life incidents . . . thoughts which strike me . . . things I read about . . . A song will just come. It starts with an idea and the idea grows. You can work at it, but you can't force it. If you do, it probably won't be very good.

Despite his success, Burt prefers a quiet, unostentatious life with his beautiful wife, actress Angie Dickinson.

"I believe in comfort but I don't want a lavish existence," he says. "I don't go to nightclubs and I don't go mad buying new cars or lashing out on clothes every few months. I get my kicks from working hard."

THREE YEARS WITH EK

Continued from page 20

Not long ago, soon after the over-publicised and anticipated collapse of her first marriage to Anthony Steel ("*the oldest Boy Scout in films*" he used to say), Anita became enmeshed in the sweet-life limbo of girls searching for fun, frolics and fortune.

Today that life is over. Anita has had more than enough of it. After her divorce from Steel, her gay life in Rome, and the ending of her romance and near-marriage to Hollywood's husky Rod Taylor, Anita withdrew from the jet set and began a cloistered, contemplative life, learning civilisation's most arduous lesson—how to live with oneself.

"People," she said, idly sifting sand through her fingers, "tend to think that an actress—or what the public prefer to call 'a star'—is a sort of super-being with superb physique, fast cars, glorious clothes, leading a fascinating life full of excitement and travel. Often, though, she is no more than a very lonesome human being.

"And to be afraid of being alone is a kind of inferiority complex. Many times I have been in the company of people I should never have been with, and chosen the wrong people as friends. Because I was afraid of being alone.

"Actresses are like this. It's part of our way of life. After a while you find you have to be with people all the time to forget your problems and yourself. To wipe out the thoughts of, perhaps, not being offered parts in films any more. Actresses (actors, too) always have to have life and movement around them.

"Well, I realised all this and began to try to live apart: to live alone. Once you learn how to do this (a very necessary attribute for anyone—more so for an actress) you are never lonesome; especially when you realise that to keep company for company's sake is a sort of weakness, exposing you to all the wrong values in life."

A Close Shave For Rik!

Having come to grips with herself in this way, Anita suddenly found herself at a small party with some friends—and face to face with grey-haired Rik Van Nutter for the second time in her life.

They had first met in 1958, in a Rome restaurant. In fact, they were introduced by the very man who took the latest pictures of them (see pages 21 and 22), the globe-trotting Italian photographer, Pierluigi. Anita was completing work on *La Dolce Vita;* Rik, not yet an actor, was hidden by a huge, heavy moustache.

"And she didn't like me," he said, joining us on the dunes. "She didn't like me at all! Had something against moustaches, you see. Anyway we chatted politely for a few minutes. Then I left.

"We didn't meet again until around Christmas and New Year, 1962–3. By then, I was clean-shaven. We talked and, well, since then we've never been apart."

And that is the basis of the success of the second Ekberg marriage—a togetherness which neither partner's career has been allowed to interrupt. Anita still makes about two films a year (her latest British one is Agatha Christie's *The Alphabet Murders*), and is working to foster a new, non-sexy image. Rik's career is zooming as 007's American pal, Felix Leiter, in the Bond series. But neither will take a role if it means a separation of more than, say, ten days.

"This is the only limitation either of us has set on our careers," says Rik. "We both want to work. We both enjoy it—but the way *we* want to do it."

He shook his head almost apologetically. Anita smiled and he went on: "Sure, it might sound strange to some people—some couples even—but we just love being together. We're not just husband and wife. We're people in love and damned good friends, even after nearly three years. We can sit and talk by ourselves for hours. We just jabber like a couple of kids.

"Anita? She has a fabulous sense of humour and loves life," says husband Rik Van Nutter.

"If Anita has to make a movie, I go with her, and vice versa. This year we were parted only for about a week or so. She left the Bahamas just before the rest of us on the *Thunderball* location, because she had agreed to make a comedy in Vienna—one of those Italian sketch films. She has been put in sex films for too long, so we both love it when she gets a sophisticated comedy."

They smiled softly at each other. "Look at her," said Rik. "She's a beautiful woman. No doubt about that. She has a fabulous sense of humour and loves life. As an actress, I think she has far greater potential than just playing the beautiful girl, though. I'd like very much to have Terence Young direct her in a comedy. She'd be great."

Anita left to change for dinner, and Rik began to talk about their home-life. "Home!" he laughed. "It's really a zoo! We have cats and ducks and chickens. All sorts of things. Actually we have two white camels, too. But they're in a real zoo in Rome. The Tunisian Government gave them to us, after a trip we made there recently as its guests.

"We have a tremendous home, though. A villa in Sabaudia, about 135 kilometres south of Rome. It's right on the coast and there's a lake the other side. So we can go lake-fishing in the morning, then stroll across the land and go water-skiing or swimming in the Mediterranean during a lazy afternoon."

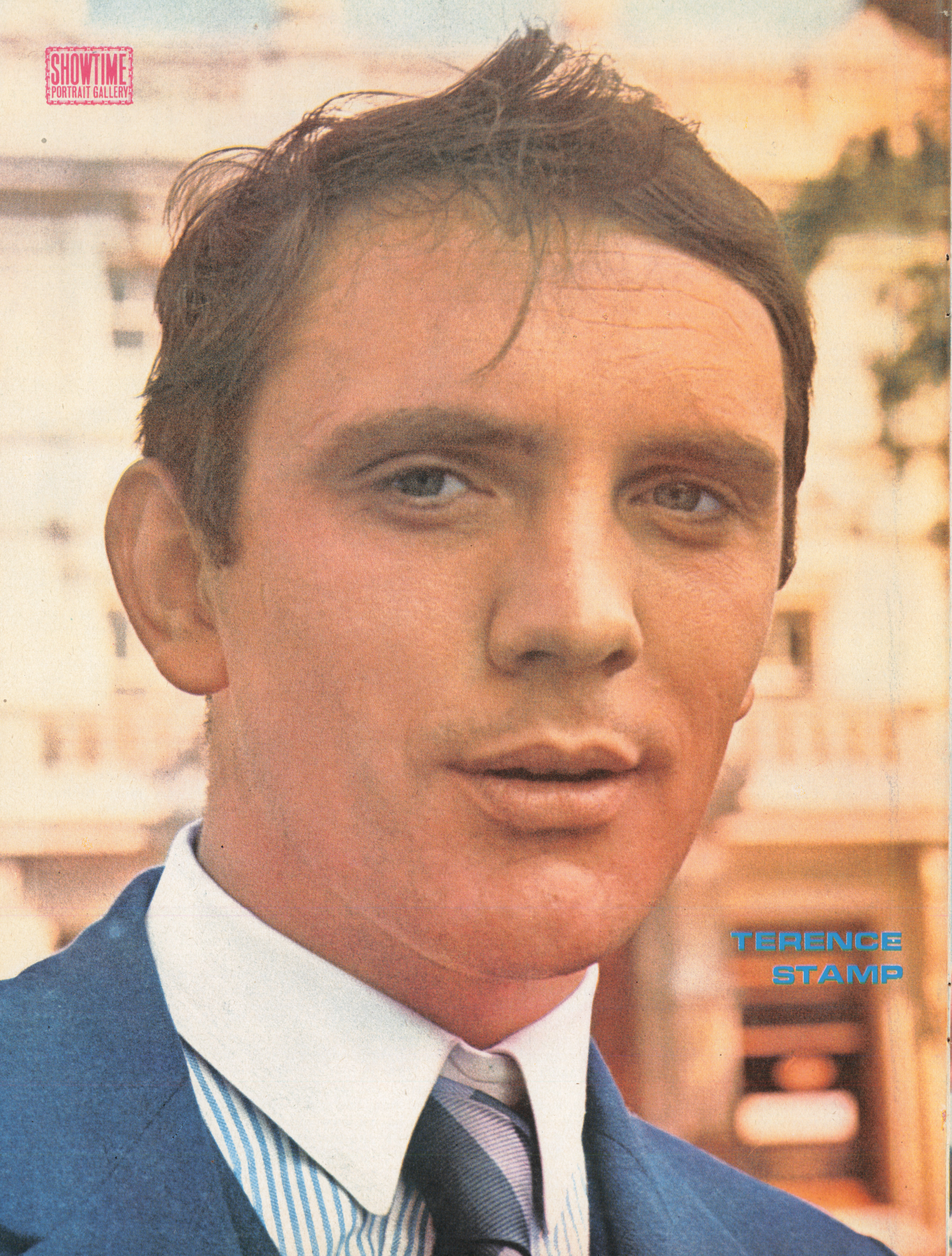
Back at the house, I let Anita have the final word about her last three years: "Rik is the greatest and finest thing that could have happened to me," she said.

"Through him and with him and chiefly because of him, I have come to know new values and appreciate life apart from show business. Also, he has made me realise that I really have a temperament, and a taste for a life and people foreign to the country of my birth.

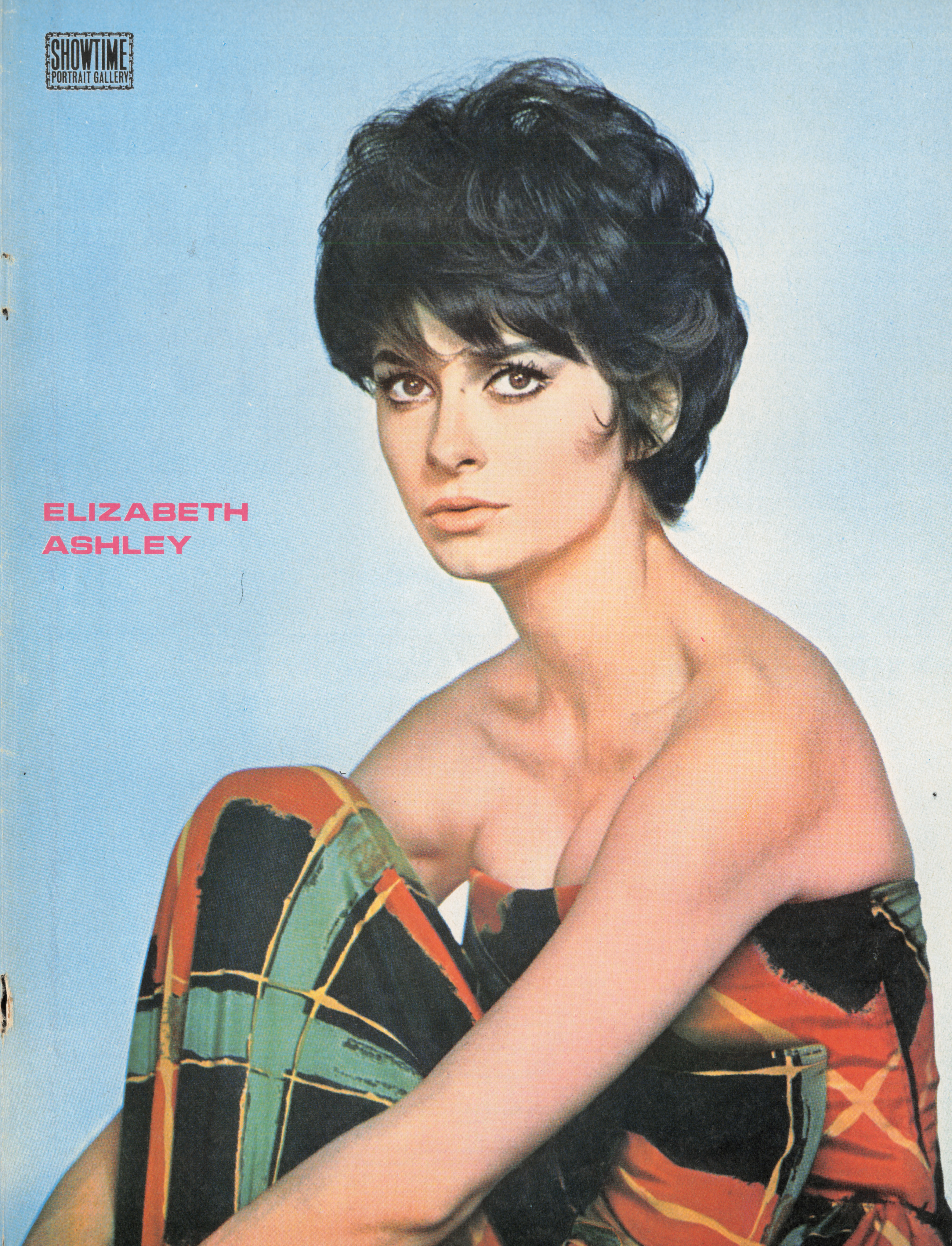
"The Swedish people do not understand me because I have found a way of life more desirable than their life. They seem to take this as criticism of them."

TONY CRAWLEY

SHOWTIME PORTRAIT GALLERY



TERENCE STAMP



ELIZABETH
ASHLEY

THE SHOWTIME CROSS-WORD

Across

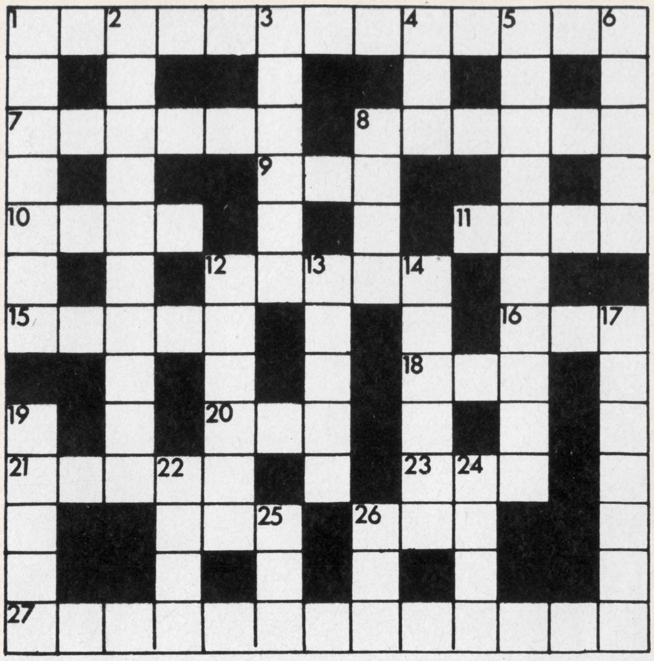
1. James's Domino.
7. Musical Malcolm.
8. See 12 across.
9. He and his brother, George, wrote many famous songs.
10. *Dr. Zhivago's* director is . . .
11. There was a film about ten of these men.

12 and 8. Mrs. Rik van Nutter.

15. Iguana time.
16. An animal often associated with Biblical epics.
18. Alicia ——.
20. Interval refreshment.
21. To fight with 007 could prove to be this.
23. M.G.M.'s pet has been called this.
26. Ingrid Bergman's daughter.
27. Dr. Kildare's boss.

Down

1. Many members of this large family are famous.
2. A Swede with long, red hair.
3. Red ones are usually dangerous.
4. John Huston's home in *The Bible*.
5. Lonely Swedish actress.
6. Liz's Cleopatra could be so described.
8. Where cowboys never go.
12. Anthony Quinn's Hun.
13. Miss —— Stevens is mostly seen on television these days.
14. Italian Pier.
17. A Baker who is a film star.
19. The last word in fairy stories.
22. —— Tamiroff.
24. Clark Gable glued his back.
25. Chinese longing for cash.
26. Miss Kellino's friends call her this.



Answers

Across
1. Claudine Auger
7. Arnold
8. Ekberg
9. Ira
10. Lean
11. Tall
12. Anita
15. Night
16. Ass
18. Gur
20. Ice
21. Fatal
23. Leo
25. Pia
27. Raymond Massey

Down
1. Chaplin
2. Ann-Margret
3. Indian
4. Ark
5. Greta Garbo
6. Regal
8. East
12. Attila
13. Inger
14. Angeli
17. Stanley
19. After
22. Akim
24. Ears
25. Yen
26. Pam

KATRINA and the stars

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*
The whole of the upper part of your solar chart is occupied by planets during this month, which will tend to put your affairs in the limelight. Mars, occupying the zenith position, will stimulate occupational matters and great progress can be made in this direction. You will, however, need to play down a certain tendency towards aggressiveness and direct this energy into more useful channels.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*
Monetary affairs could cause you some concern during the festive month. You may be inclined to splurge on gifts and entertainment, paying out more than you can really afford. Try to resist this inclination or it will land you in financial trouble.

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GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*
You will have to be extra diplomatic with mate or partner and not allow small rifts to develop into insurmountable chasms. The Christmas holidays should be quiet, but pleasant, for the majority of Sun-Geminians.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*
It would be wise not to travel over Christmas as it is likely you will be very busy right up to the last minute. Financial affairs look bright and your health will improve. An old problem will, quite suddenly, solve itself.

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*
This should be a particularly enjoyable month for Leo folk, and there doesn't appear much to worry you over Yuletide. A "trine" aspect from the Sun is indicative of some unexpected financial good fortune, whilst Venus promises you romantic and domestic harmony.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd September*
This is a month with a few snags owing to the planetary pressure in your solar chart. You will have to show great patience. There is a bright sign concerning money. You will have more to play with than you first thought. If you have been experiencing any health troubles, these should be relieved or entirely cured.

LIBRA *24th September to 23rd October*
A really happy Christmas is forecast for Libra subjects with accent on sociability and harmonious relationships. Money matters are also under splendid aspects, and there should be enough in the kitty to indulge in one of your favourite hobbies—buying unusual gifts for friends and loved ones.

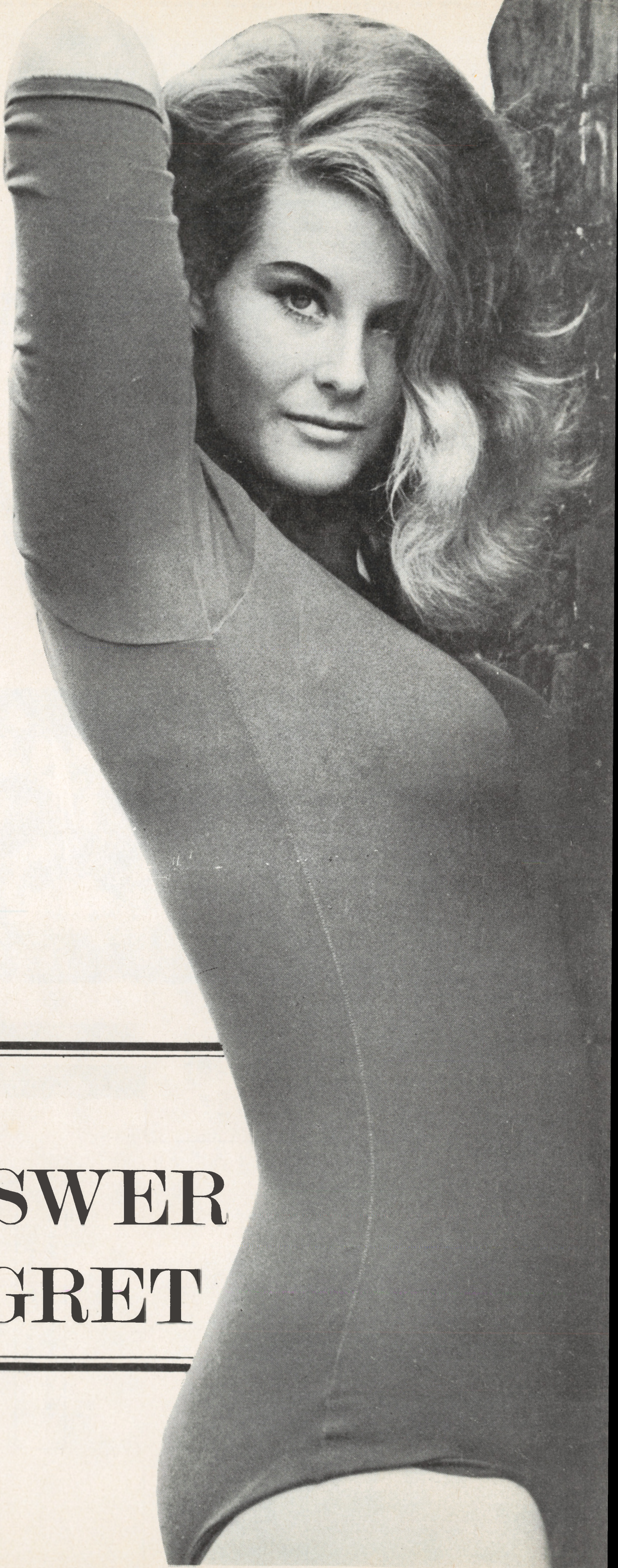
SCORPIO *24th October to 22nd November*
There are a few conflicting currents to be negotiated over December, especially with regard to travel which is decidedly hazardous over the Christmas holidays. Finances also need care until the 13th, and you will be well advised to delay buying gifts until after this date.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd Nov. to 22nd Dec.*
December is traditionally YOUR month, and most subjects of "the Archer" find it a stimulating and fortunate time. This year, however, there is a "square" aspect from Saturn to contend with and you may get feelings of depression. Fight these, however, and you will find other people eager to make sure you have a good time.

CAPRICORN *23rd Dec. to 20th Jan.*
You will have a vigorous and exciting Christmas. After the 22nd, you have the added impetus of the Sun joining up with Mars in your 1st House, so your Christmas holidays should be enjoyable. Fun and games seem to be the order of the day, for you will feel too full of life to want to sit around much.

AQUARIUS *21st January to 19th February*
Venus will be in your solar House of Personality from the 7th onwards, which will enhance your social popularity and increase your feeling of well-being. On the other hand, financial problems could arise, particularly around the 8th and it will be necessary for you to keep expenditure down to a minimum.

PISCES *20th February to 21st March*
Intense planetary activity is once again rampant in your solar chart, and great care will be needed to avoid emotional upsets over the Christmas holidays. You may not be feeling your best and things will tend to get on top of you more than usual. Aim for spiritual, rather than superficial, enjoyment.



The name is ALEXANDRA STEVENSON . . .

And this month Alex celebrates her first year in British show business. And what a year! From secretary to film actress inside 12 months. Two big films with top star names—and "in"-directors like Jack Cardiff and Michael Winner—and two more in the offing. The kind of films a girl needs to make sure she's still around to celebrate a second anniversary.

Alex first sizzled her way through that amusing comedy, *You Must Be Joking!*

Next she joined the spy-game, which seems a positive must for any up-and-coming actress these days. No Bond-girl, though. She joined instead the cosy harem of the cowardly spy who could prove to be 007's greatest rival: 'Boysie' Oakes, alias Hollywood's Rod Taylor, alias *The Liquidator*.

Alexandra is 21, honey-blonde and 38–26–36. "And that's the official truth," she adds. "I'm always seeing myself described as 40–24–37 . . . or sometimes even 43–24–37!"

She longs to succeed as a film actress, and is working hard to this end. "I went to drama school, but then got by-passed into a secretarial career. The thought of sitting in front of a typewriter for the rest of my life appalled me. So I left last year, determined to make the grade as an actress. I made some contacts, found an agent and so I began . . ."

She can dance. She can sing ("But not if I can help it," she adds). Even so, I still nominate Alex as the girl most likely to become Britain's Ann-Margret.

The girls have much in common. Alex shares Ann-Margret's incandescent flair—and looks. As a girl, she's a swinging personality. As an actress, she's determined.

She models herself on no one, but admits she admires Kim Novak. When faced with our opinion of her, Alex was flabbergasted. "But Ann-Margret is fantastic," she yelled. "This is very flattering—to me. I don't know what Ann-Margret would say . . ."

Alex's ambition: "To succeed and become a star—in Britain if possible but America if necessary. And that's where most of our girls still have to go."

I predict this girl will be

BRITAIN'S ANSWER TO ANN-MARGRET

We wish her luck—in the second year of a career that should last some time. With that luck, Alex (who was in our July sun-tan feature) will soon be able to achieve the ambition she shares with the other girls we have featured exclusively in the past . . . to be Showtime's covergirl. She shouldn't have long to wait.

JOHN WEBSTER

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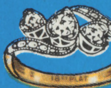
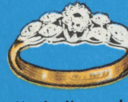
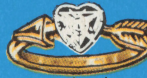


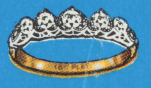
3 diamonds
Ist payment 31/-
or cash £16.15.0



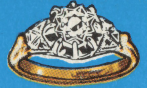
Single diamond
Ist payment 38/-
or cash £19.10.0



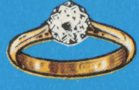
Solitaire ring
Ist payment 35/-
or cash £15.15.0



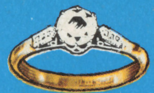
5 diamonds
Ist payment 39/-
or cash £19.19.0



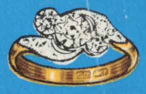
Diamond Solitaire
Ist payment 60/6
or cash £28.12.6



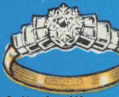
Single diamond
Ist payment 78/-
or cash £39.10.0



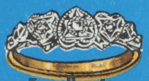
Solitaire diamond
Ist payment 115/-
or cash £59.15.0



Diamond crossover
Ist payment 19/-
or cash £9.15.0



Solitaire diamond
Ist payment 39/-
or cash £19.19.0



True Hearts
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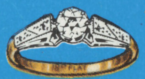

Elegance
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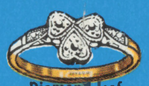
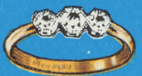
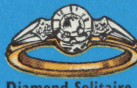


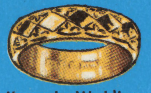
Diamond leaf
Ist payment 39/-
or cash £19.19.0



3 diamonds
Ist Payment 25/6
or cash £10.17.6



Diamond Solitaire
Ist payment 78/-
or cash £37.10.0



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Ring 9 carat gold
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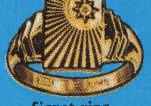

Signet ring
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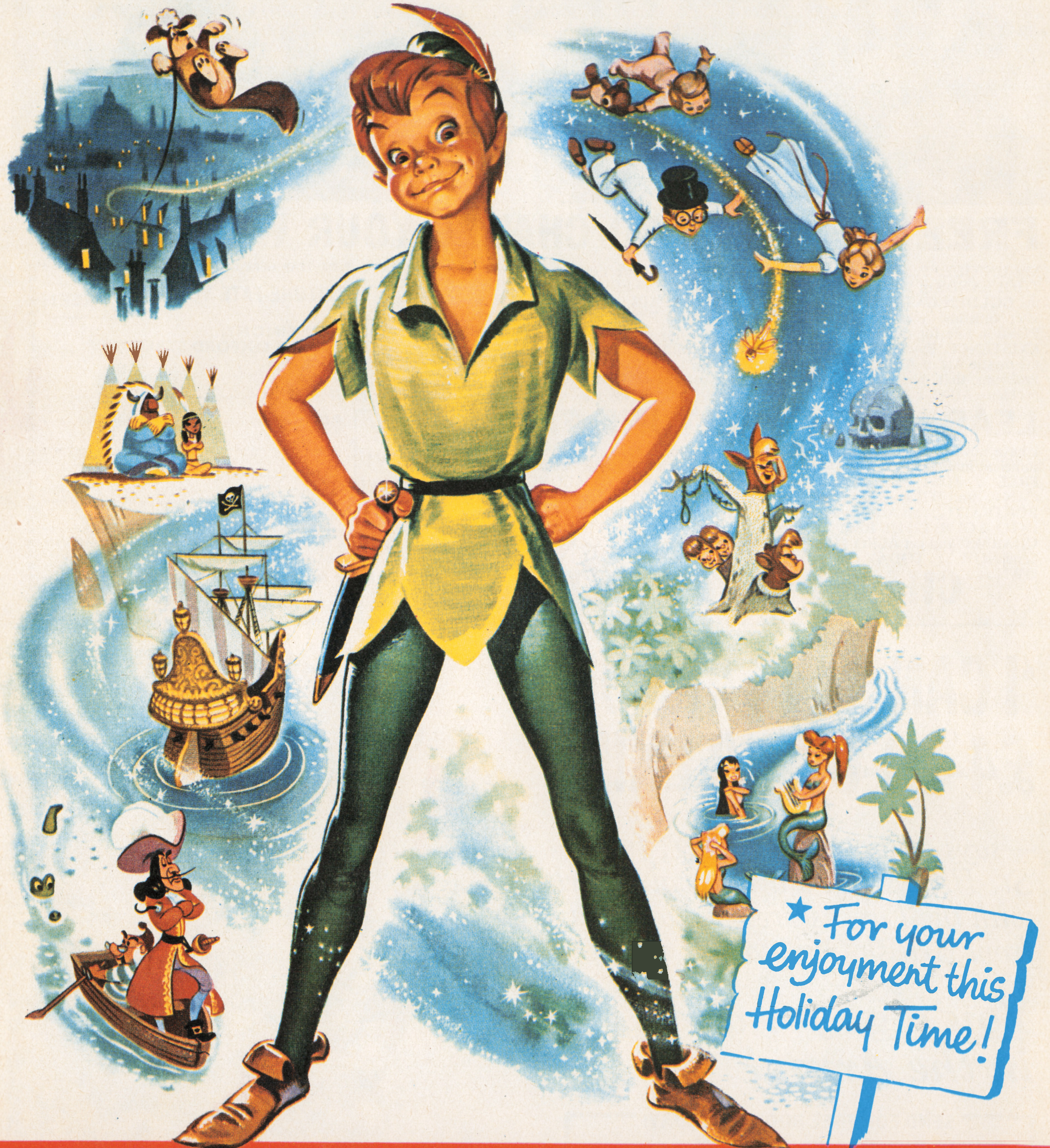
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